

TV: Big Business—Robert Landry

THE *Nation*

December 25, 1948

Solution for Greece

How to End the Tragedy

BY J. A. SOFIANOPOULOS

Former Greek Foreign Minister

✱

Detroit's Hospital Strike

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

✱

Fact and Fiction in Siam - - - - - Andrew Roth
Practical Thinking on the Atom - - - - - Leonard Engel
Judas Iscariot, a Poem - - - - - Stephen Spender
The Other Henry Adams - - - - - Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

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THE *Nation*

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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Merry Christmas!

IN THAT gentle, even-handed, and indulgent spirit which no one but ourselves has ever noticed in our pages we extend the greetings of the Christmas season to all those whose achievements and peccadillos we have with zealous good-will recorded during the year. Among many others we send words of cheer

To *Thomas E. Dewey*, who rose in one leap from Young Man in a Hurry to Grand Old Man of the Party, his record unmarred by the compromises of Presidential power;

To *J. Parnell Thomas*, for whom "constitutional rights" are not just an abstraction dreamed up by subversive Communists but a living, vibrant hope for an indicted politician with a foxy lawyer;

To *Francisco Franco*, whose fouls are no longer to be held against him now that they have been expunged from the record by former Boxing Commissioner James A. Farley;

To *Whittaker Chambers*, distinguished spy and editor, who has not been indicted for perjury because his possibly perjured testimony is needed to prove the perjury of others;

To *Chiang Kai-shek*, who has raised the interesting moral question of whether a personal despotism on its last legs is worthy of our support against a Communist despotism that appears to be a sure thing;

To *Juan Perón*, whose spreading influence in Latin America shows the advantage that a close neighbor, good or bad, has over a distant neighbor, indifferent;

To *Joseph Stalin*, thanks to whom Berliners who once could only vote *Ja* may now vote *Da*;

To *William Jansen*, Superintendent of Schools, but for whose timely intervention few New York high-school students would ever have heard of *The Nation*;

And to *Charles Philip Arthur George Windsor*, born of old Socialist stock, his grandfather having personally requested Parliament to nationalize the mines.

These are only a few, of course, of those who are in our Yuletide thoughts. The Eighty-first Congress is there, too, and those wonderful "Don't Know" voters who in the end knew more than Joe Martin and Herbert Brownell thought they knew. And then there's Herbert Evatt, who rather than see the small countries of the earth choose between two giants in a senseless tug-of-war would have them gang up on the giants and snatch the rope from their hands.

To all these and many others we say Merry Christmas—and not least to the Common Man, who much to the chagrin of Henry Wallace turns out to be none other than Harry S. Truman.

The Shape of Things

HOLLAND'S ATTACK ON THE REPUBLIC OF Indonesia, assured of success through its overwhelming superiority in modern, American-made weapons, may have guaranteed the end of Queen Juliana's empire. By demonstrating that a moderate Socialist regime cannot hope for cooperation with The Hague on terms not dictated by the Royal High Commissioner, the Dutch will drive millions of embittered nationalists to look for a political philosophy more likely to succeed. The United States, acting with Australia to bring the emergency before the Security Council, has at least recognized the fact of Dutch aggression. But our previous failure to back up the Australian mediation plan undoubtedly encouraged Holland's intransigence. Our policy was presumably influenced by the hope that exports from the colonies might bolster the Netherlands' shaken economy and so lessen the need for Marshall Plan aid. But the urge for independence, so powerful in the swarming islands, will find expression again. Next time it is almost inevitable that the leadership will be Communist, for that party's consistent demand for absolute separation will have made many converts. The result will probably be a violent struggle with world-wide repercussions. There will be no argument *then* as to whether a threat to peace exists. There should be none now as the Security Council considers this act of aggression.

★

THE STATESMANLIKE ANALYSIS OF THE Greek situation by former Foreign Minister Sofianopoulos, appearing in this issue, should be studied in Washington before Congress votes on the proposed increase in American military aid. Here we have a Greek leader, a liberal Republican with wide experience in international affairs, warning us and the world that foreign intervention will only perpetuate chaos and prevent an internal settlement. The civil war, in his view, will end only when the cold war, which finances and instigates it, is called off. Strongly indorsing the efforts of Dr. Evatt to settle the dispute between Greece and the Balkan

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states, he urges that they be extended to take in the whole East-West conflict as it affects his country. As a concrete solution he proposes a big-power agreement "to guarantee the territorial integrity and the independence of Greece." Whether or not Russia and the Anglo-American allies would accept such a solution, we agree with Mr. Sofianopoulos that any less ambitious plan is unrealistic, for big-power rivalry now overshadows, and controls, the local struggle. Meanwhile the Truman Doctrine is running into the difficulties this journal predicted for it from the very start. And so, inevitably, we throw in more money and effort as our venture heads closer to bankruptcy. After a talk with the President, Ambassador Grady announced in a press conference last week that Congress will be asked for a "30 or 35 per cent increase" for next year over the \$150 million military-aid allotment made in the current year. Mr. Grady was asked whether the President favored the policy outlined. His answer was simple: "Of course, it is the Truman program." But a program can fail and that is what is happening in Greece to the Doctrine so belligerently and unilaterally proclaimed on March 12, 1947. It is high time for the President to begin to look for a road back, before American policy collapses of its own mistakes as it has in China.

*

THERE, AS A DRAMATIC WARNING, WE SEE the inevitable result of the policy of subsidizing reaction to defeat communism: the democratic elements in China have been reduced to impotence and the field left to the cohorts of Moscow. Every correspondent reports that the collapse of the nationalist armies has been due to a lack of will rather than a shortage of arms, men, or training. Soldiers don't want to risk death for a government interested chiefly in holding power and lining the pockets of its top men and their backers. The officers, too, prefer to quit or sell out at a good price to the Communists. And the people want only a chance to live without war, enough to eat, and freedom from oppression. To back the war against communism in these circumstances is to win the hatred of the whole people without any hope of a constructive or stable solution. This Secretary Marshall knows, and while he was in China he advocated a middle course. But his efforts were sabotaged by the crowd in power, who stood to lose everything once affairs began to move toward a democratic solution. Now the chance of a workable compromise has been minimized by Chiang Kai-shek's failure and the sweeping successes of the Communists. There is just a possibility that a coalition may be formed in which non-Communists will have some effective voice, if only because they speak for a section of the population whose support is necessary to any government. It is possible, too, that even the Communists would welcome continued American aid in view of the desperate

state of the country's economy. And so, for a time at least, Washington may exercise some influence in China even if a Communist-controlled government comes to power. Mr. Hoffman's announcement that if a new government preserved "free institutions" it might get aid from the E.C.A. was an undiplomatic warning of things to come. Though disowned by the State Department, it obviously represents the present dominant attitude in Washington. We welcome it as a forlorn hope, recognizing at the same time that it is about a year too late.

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REJECTION BY THE SECURITY COUNCIL OF Israel's application for membership in the United Nations was a setback rather than a defeat. The vote was five to one for admission, with Syria casting the negative vote. France and Canada, though basically favorable, finally abstained on the ground that a Council recommendation might interfere with the efforts of the new Conciliation Commission to end the conflict in Palestine—a decision which deprived Israel of the necessary two additional votes. The contrary conclusion would have seemed to us a more valid one; further concessions to the Arabs are the single factor which may stiffen their resistance to a reasonable settlement with Israel. But even though the vote was disappointing, its effect will be minor. Israel's position is now too strong to be seriously damaged by a mere delay in gaining admission to the U.N. A more serious obstacle would be the appointment of a Conciliation Commission controlled by the same doubts and commitments that influenced Count Bernadotte. In view of the hesitation of the French and the hostility of Turkey, it is essential that the American member should honestly represent our government's official policy—rather than that of Mr. Bevin's allies in the State Department.

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IF ALGER HISS IS AS INNOCENT AS WE SHALL continue to assume he is unless and until a jury rules otherwise, he should welcome his coming trial. It will be an ordeal, no doubt, but if he is acquitted he will be cleared more effectively than he would have been by the mere failure of the grand jury to indict. More important, he is assured the prescribed rights and privileges of a defense, which were not available to him under the curious procedures of the House Un-American Activities Committee. His attorneys can cross-examine his accuser, Whittaker Chambers, to their hearts' content, publicly demanding from him an explanation of the contradictions and inconsistencies in his testimony before the committee. Whether or not Chambers stands up under this kind of cross-examination, it is good to have the matter in the courts, where it belongs. That it has finally landed there is in no sense an argument for continuing the Thomas committee. The fact is that if Chambers,

acting in good faith, had ten years ago turned over to the FBI or to any federal attorney the material he has since disgorged from pumpkin shells and laundry chutes, the case would long since have been forgotten, and the spy ring, if any, dispersed. For this failure alone Mr. Chambers owes the country a heavy accounting.

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NOT SINCE "THE MIKADO" WAS FIRST produced have the Japanese been presented to the Western world in so rollicking a mood as that reflected by "the Izumiyama incident." It seems that while the Diet was thrashing out a budget, Mr. Izumiyama, the Finance Minister, was having a spot of sake with friends in an outer office. The diversion started harmlessly at six in the evening, and it was ten before the legislators, eager to question the Minister on fiscal matters, learned that the party had taken a lively turn. At that time a woman Representative put in the mild complaint that Mr. Izumiyama had persistently tried to hold her hand, and two hours later a sister-legislator informed the Imperial Diet that he had progressed considerably in his amorous ambitions. When she suggested that he would do better to take part in the debate, he is said to have remarked with some warmth, "With me you come a long way before the budget," a point he demonstrated ardently enough to draw a peremptory slap. Subsequently found happily asleep on a bench in an anteroom, the Minister was awakened and promptly turned in his resignation. The expressions of outrage in the Japanese press, according to Burton Crane, New York *Times* Tokyo correspondent, are designed solely to impress the Americans. In fact, "the Japanese have always viewed with affection the alcoholic peccadillos of their public men." All of which might indicate that Japan was nostalgically harking back to a happier day were it not for Mr. Crane's further characterization of the incident as "another illustration of the Imperial Diet's growing cynicism over being merely a rubber stamp for occupation policies."

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THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN QUICK TO BLAME President Truman for the mediocrity of his appointments would do well to get behind a bill now pending in the Senate Civil Service Committee. The purpose of the measure is to boost the salaries of the 218 top men in the federal service, many of whom work for less than a quarter of what they could command in private enterprise. In the circumstances the turn-over is appalling, and living costs being what they are, vacancies in these top-bracket jobs have become a grave problem. It is reliably reported that literally dozens of openings now exist at the \$10,000-a-year level. It is all very well for a Forrestal or a Lovett to serve at \$15,000 a year, but if Mr. Truman is ever to shake off the Wall Streeters and

draw back the men who made the New Deal, he will have to offer them at least a respectable fraction of what they have been making since they left the government. In many cases these men served for years at a heavy sacrifice. Some would no doubt be willing to do so again, given the conviction that a second New Deal was in the making, but others have gone to great expense to set themselves up in private business or legal practice, and it is too much to expect them to return to Washington at the absurd salary schedule that prevails. Without mentioning ball-players, screen starlets, and other such members of the financial élite, we can suggest the absurdity by reporting that the Secretary of State, charged with saving us all from atomic war, draws exactly the same pay as the Borough President of Staten Island; that the Secretary of the Treasury is the pay-roll equal of the Bronx County Clerk. If former President Hoover can call this bill "a definite measure of economy," the million dollars involved should not be too much even for Representative Taber to appropriate.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ALLEGED RESALE OF E. C. A. non-ferrous metals by Britain, Belgium, and the Netherlands cannot yet be ascertained. But what does seem clear is that E. C. A. Deputy Administrator Howard Bruce made his charges against these three countries without checking with his mission chiefs in London, Brussels, and Amsterdam. In his first statement Mr. Bruce said that the three countries had been buying aluminum at 16 cents a pound in Canada and reselling it as scrap in the United States at a large profit. Vigorous rebuttals from the accused governments were supported by Thomas Finletter and Dr. Alan Valentine, chiefs of the E. C. A. missions in London and Amsterdam respectively, who issued statements declaring that they were convinced no improper shipments of metals had been made from either of these countries. At this Mr. Bruce partially backtracked, saying he had not suggested bad faith but merely the need for tighter controls in view of the increasing shipments of aluminum scrap from Britain. (Significantly, he did not repeat the charge that Canadian virgin aluminum was being sold as scrap.) Then the Department of Commerce jumped into the controversy with figures purporting to show British exports of aluminum scrap to the United States this year totaling over 34,000,000 pounds—ten times 1947 shipments. Against this the British Ministry of Supply insists that not more than 20,000,000 pounds of remelted scrap, described as "token shipments" to keep established markets open, have been exported this year. Obviously the discrepancies in the various figures need to be reconciled by further investigation. It is too bad that such an investigation was not made before Mr. Bruce—not for the first time—rushed incontinently for the headlines.

Defense and Waste

MUCH as we may desire disarmament by international agreement, few of us are prepared to advocate unilateral disarmament at this time. The present state of the world and the extent of American commitments make inevitable a much larger military establishment than before the war. That cannot be provided cheaply. The cost of modern weapons grows by geometrical progression, and for the services, as for the rest of us, ordinary "housekeeping" expenses are inflated.

But while Americans are prepared to pay, and pay heavily, for necessary defense, they do want value for their money. The strong suspicion harbored by many—particularly the millions with first-hand experience of the army and navy—that the services are fantastically wasteful of public funds has now been confirmed by the Security Advisory Committee of the Hoover Commission on reorganization of the executive branch of the government. The committee, headed by Ferdinand Eberstadt, former vice-chairman of the War Production Board, declares that the reorganization of the services in a unified Defense Department is basically sound but in many ways is still working badly. It refers to the difficulties that have arisen in formulating integrated policies and singles out for special criticism the branches dealing with intelligence, research, planning of war mobilization, and psychological warfare.

The most devastating passages in the report, however, are reserved for "inter-service rivalries" and for defects in defense budgeting. The first of these problems is among the causes of the second. As the Alsops, loud pluggers for bigger defense appropriations, admitted recently, "the continuing inter-service struggle . . . perpetuates a sort of 'keeping up with the Joneses' psychology." The contest is particularly bitter between the air force and the navy, each of which regards itself as *the* major strategic offensive arm of the future. When the air force asks for ten more bomber squadrons, the navy insists on another super aircraft carrier, and the only compromise which the Joint Chiefs of Staff seem able to effect is to approve the claims of both.

Apart from the high cost of such squabbles, there is the continual drain of money resulting from sheer inefficiency and conspicuous waste. The Eberstadt report comments sharply on the inadequate means that exist for checking, auditing, and controlling the military budget. As an instance of the kind of thing that occurs all too frequently they mention the fact that the army could only account for 16,000 of the 25,000 tanks which its own records showed to be on hand at the end of the war. Another example just come to light is the "gold-plate" executive-type Constellation recently delivered to the air force. Rumors persist that this was designed as a "pres-

ent" to Mr. Dewey on his entrance to the White House. The story is officially denied, but explanations of the genesis of this super-luxury plane, which must have cost upward of \$1½ million, are quite unconvincing.

The Eberstadt report points out that the original service estimates for the coming fiscal year were no less than \$30 billion—a figure which "indicates a lack of realization of our economic position and capabilities on the part of many highly placed military people." On the recommendation of the Bureau of the Budget, the President has cut this sum in half, which means some \$21½ billion more for defense than in the current year.

Secretary of Defense Forrestal seems to have accepted this decision loyally. But apparently he is unable to prevent his service subordinates from carrying on an

DIALOGUE IN DECEMBER

In so much dark no light is little.

"But can light be at the end of the year?"

Only listen. It will come.

"And put out dying? And put out fear?"

Yes, but listen. Good heart, listen.

"I do, I do—I see, I hear."

That star is enough in this much night.

"It glitters. But a child has cried."

He is the first one in the world.

"Even the old world, that died?"

Even the new—he is all the living.

"And all the dead—are they satisfied?"

Listen and look. Is there any weeping?

"Only for comfort, only for joy."

Only for love. But the child that was crying—

"He is a beautiful, strange boy."

He is little and weak, this lord of the world.

"But oh, too strong, too strong to destroy."

MARK VAN DOREN

intense propaganda campaign for more money. In many far-flung columns we read obviously inspired prophecies of dire disaster if the Administration continues to "starve" defense.

This new report is going to strengthen the President's hand in resisting the pressure being put upon him to permit an upward revision of the service estimates. It is now up to the military bureaucrats to put their house in order. By introducing better budgetary methods and by cutting out some of their money- and man-power-wasting practices, such as the empire building of rank-conscious "brass," they should be able to save large sums without reducing national security. Until they do so and

provide evidence that they are giving the taxpayers full value, their pleas for a still larger share of the national income are not likely to be heeded.

Afterthoughts on the Election

BY THOMAS SANCTON

II. The Mandate and the Man

Washington, December 17

IN THE American political system a national election seldom gives as clear-cut a mandate as in the British system, where the winning party receives at the same time a vote of confidence, direct responsibility for carrying out its program, and a parliamentary majority unequivocally committed to the task. In this country the mandate to the President is of comparable weight and clarity only when there is a landslide vote or an upheaval in public opinion too momentous to be ignored by the majority of Congress.

The two greatest periods of reform and redirection of American politics—the age of Jackson and the early 1930's—were made possible by mandates of this order. The talents of President Lincoln, who in a different set of historical circumstances might have achieved similar reforms, were almost wholly consumed in the waste

of the Civil War. In the long periods between the great Presidential administrations, national legislation and federal government have usually represented what might be called—in the phrase of Sir Wilmott Lewis of the *London Times*—"a series of regional treaties" between the rival delegations in Congress and between various economic pressure groups. During such periods the veto principle, which in Congress is expressed by the filibuster and the inordinate powers of an antiquated committee system, has frequently operated with the paralyzing effect that is noted today in the United Nations.

When we speak of Mr. Truman's mandate, therefore, we should realize that it is the limited mandate of a close election. He does not have behind him the aroused and determined public opinion that supported Jackson and the early Franklin Roosevelt; besides this, the President and his Administration are involved in a grave and exhausting military problem comparable with that which Lincoln faced. The fact that Mr. Truman won at

all is an event so astounding that the limits of the victory are easily misunderstood.

Mr. Truman is actually a minority President, having polled but 24,106,066 votes in a total of 49,363,798. Of this total a significantly large bloc of 683,382 votes were chalked up only for state, county, and local officers; all Presidential candidates were spurned. The breakdown of the winning Democratic vote, furthermore, gives rise to conflicting interpretations and thus lays the basis for conflicting claims.

ON THE morning after the election Mr. Truman told reporters that "labor did it." But when the complete figures are analyzed, labor's contribution to the victory is not so clear-cut. The strength and efficiency exhibited by labor's political-action groups in defeating a host of Taft-Hartley Congressmen and electing pro-labor candidates to replace them are now interpreted in some conservative party circles as evidence that "labor worked for its own people." The fact that in many districts these labor candidates ran far ahead of the President can thus be used by party conservatives to compromise labor's claims on the President for unlimited support in the touch-and-go legislative battles looming in Congress. By this same interpretation the fact that liberal candidates like Governor-elect Stevenson and Senator-elect Douglas in Illinois, Governor-elect Lausche of Ohio, and Senator-elect Humphrey of Minnesota also ran far ahead of the national ticket can be taken to mean that liberals were cool toward Mr. Truman. President Truman himself has given no indication that he subscribes to this essentially reactionary interpretation, but the returns are there for him to mull over when the forces of obstruction and compromise begin to coalesce in the new Congress against his comparatively radical campaign platform.

The size of the farm vote in the election is even more open to a conservative interpretation. The fact that the President carried six Middle Western farm states—with 101 decisive electoral votes—in a traditionally Republican area was certainly the most important single factor in the great upset. W. H. Lawrence of the *New York Times* recently spent ten days analyzing voting statistics in the 1944 and 1948 campaigns in Ohio, a state with important agricultural and industrial areas which make it representative of the country as a whole. His conclusion was that "President Truman, surprisingly, got just the boost he needed for victory from the votes in the agricultural areas . . . the fact was that his vote was less than might have been anticipated in the factory belt and larger than any expert forecast in the farm belt."

It might be added that Truman's farm vote was clearly not the sort of distress vote that President Roosevelt received from farmers in the era of milk riots and

shotgun resistance to court orders and foreclosure proceedings. That was a vote which demanded broad reforms throughout the national economy. In 1948 the farmers voted primarily for continued price support and a buttressed farm prosperity, for the government corn loan of \$1.53 a bushel and against the Republican Party's sabotage of the Commodity Credit Corporation's warehouse program—the Republicans' action has forced many farmers to sell corn at \$1 a bushel to private speculators. Farmers today are more concerned with preserving their economic status than with making over the national economy.

The changed outlook of farmers has certain parallels in organized labor, white-collar workers, and small-business entrepreneurs, all of whom were sources of support for President Roosevelt in the era of reform. Organized labor has been making steady gains for a generation and now has an average weekly wage, in terms of actual purchasing power, perhaps twice what it was in 1932. The national earned income, booming well over \$200 billion a year, has created upon every level and in every corner of the economy many of the conservative and timorous psychological tendencies which mark every period of uneasy prosperity. To a large extent, despite the inflation, the United States has achieved the goal of all civilized governments throughout history—freedom and abundance. But even the simplest political intellects seem to realize that our present prosperity rests upon treacherous foundations. Eighty per cent of the federal budget of \$42 billion is diverted to costs arising directly from the war. We may ask for an end to the cold war and a return to ways of peace; yet the sudden cancelation of a major portion of the \$15 billion arms program might easily cause an economic crash of the magnitude of 1929. Whatever their justification in political, military, or moral terms, in domestic economic terms the cold war and the Marshall Plan constitute a colossal made-work program and a government subsidy of American production. Indeed, ever since 1940, military expenditures—in the long run the most exhausting and wasteful of all national activities—have been the basis for prosperity and full employment.

Though Mr. Truman does not at present have a national depression to deal with, as Roosevelt had in 1932, in other respects he faces even more complex problems, and he faces them without a similar freedom of action or a similar opportunity to start fresh in important fields of legislation. In dealing with the inflation, labor laws, housing, he must actually fight over old ground in an attempt to salvage as much as possible of programs that were abandoned after the war in a destructive lapse for which he himself must bear some of the responsibility. The damage wrought during this period of inflationary legislation and abandonment of controls can never be fully repaired, nor will the salvage job

which the President will now attempt to get through Congress amount to the needed fundamental redirection and shake-out of the economy.

Immediately after the election many persons felt that President Truman was one of the least committed or compromised candidates ever to return to office, but this is not really true. In the conduct of foreign policy—and inescapably, to a large extent, of domestic policy—the bi-partisan program constitutes one of the most paralyzing commitments ever faced by a President. In the bi-partisan framework he must work with and actually defer to the same elements of monopoly capitalism against which he uttered strident warnings throughout his campaign. Within his own party's framework the narrow margin of his victory and the widespread defection of important liberal groups and leaders in the months before the Philadelphia convention make his obligations all the heavier to the people who stuck with him. In the President's forthright but limited conception of loyalty such personal obligations have always out-

weighed his adherence to abstract principles. It is significant that from some of the President's advisers one now hears such aphorisms as "The New Dealers were out picking blackberries or working for Wallace on Election Day." The President, of course, must be well aware that he got important help from many former New Deal leaders and from liberal political organizations, but he has not forgotten that for most of these he was a second choice, reluctantly accepted.

These are some of the somber and negative aspects of the second Truman Administration that were easily lost sight of in the glare of the "election miracle." They represent certain formidable limits within which his Administration apparently will have to function; but we cannot of course foretell how events will develop. In a third and final article in this series I shall attempt to outline some of the positive aspects of the Administration and the scope of its opportunities.

[The first part of this article, *Will the New Deal Survive?* appeared in the issue of December 11.]

How to End the Greek Tragedy

BY J. A. SOFIANOPOULOS

Paris, December

THE Greek government crisis of late November, provisionally overcome by the reappointment of the Liberal-Populist Cabinet, proved that the government had fallen very low not only in the opinion of the public but in that of Parliament itself. The great majority of the Liberal Party, led by Sophocles Venizelos, felt compelled to vote against the government and even went so far as to disown Prime Minister Themistocles Sophoulis and relieve him as party leader. After an all-night debate the desperate efforts of the new government could obtain a "majority" of only one vote. And this barest of majorities was due to the tolerance of the nineteen deputies of the "New Party" of the extreme right.

This was the natural and inglorious end of the collaboration of the two "traditional parties" which had been so loudly heralded and upon which conservative elements of Greek opinion and the American State Department had built such high hopes. Some fourteen months ago Loy Henderson, then director of Middle Eastern Affairs in the State Department, returning to Washington from Athens, announced that the wide gap which for so many years had separated the Liberals from the

Populists (Monarchists) was a thing of the past. The antagonists of yesterday, united with the blessing and aid of the American government, would now carry on together a victorious struggle against all who refused to recognize the authority of the Athens regime.

Those who allowed themselves to be lulled by such beliefs failed to realize that the Parliament—in which the two center parties and all the left-wing parties were unrepresented because they had refused to take part in the electoral comedy of March, 1946—was not a true expression of the will of the Greek people. Another fact left out of consideration was the state of mind of a people in whom dictatorship, war, and Nazi occupation had created an irresistible desire for a liberal regime and for freedom from the oppression of a sterile and unproductive capitalism.

The Sophoulis-Tsaldaris government could not but fail. It had been naive enough to believe it could induce the rebels to lay down their arms by offering an amnesty. It should have realized that the rebels, having already been duped by the application of the Varkiza agreement, would not let themselves be trapped a second time. The few who were rash enough to accept the amnesty and surrender their arms were either persecuted or handed over to firing squads.

The government had boasted that it would restore order and protect the people not only against insurgent elements but also against the right-wing bands which had usurped the authority of the state and were terror-

J. A. SOFIANOPOULOS, former Greek Foreign Minister and president of the Union of Left Republicans, represented Greece at the San Francisco Conference.

izing the country. But it spent its whole energy on repressive measures against citizens suspected of helping or even sympathizing with the rebels, measures that ranged from imprisonment and deportation to mass executions. The rightist bands helped the government in this sinister work; at Gytheion in the Peloponnesus they attacked the prison on their own initiative and massacred all the persons awaiting trial. By its incapacity either to deal with the rebellion or to check the violence of the right the government has so shaken the people's confidence in it that the watchword today in many areas of Greece—and trustworthy foreign observers will bear me out—is "every man for himself."

Last spring the men of Athens boasted that they would definitely crush the rebellion if America gave them sufficient aid, in money and arms. Once this was done, they said, they would be able to devote themselves exclusively to the country's economic reconstruction. After obtaining this aid, the government launched the "big summer offensive" in the Grammos Mountains, where the rebel government had its headquarters. But soon M. Tsaldaris was obliged to admit in the United Nations Assembly at Paris that in spite of the "brilliant victory" in the Grammos Mountains the rebellion was not broken and more energetic measures on the part of the United Nations would be required.

EVEN the most uninformed must eventually have begun to ask themselves how it was that the Greek state, armed and financed by the Americans and with forces seven times as numerous as those of its adversaries, could have failed to bring the resistance to an end. And the puzzle was the more baffling as it became evident that the help received from outside by the rebels could not be compared with that given by the Americans to the regular army. If the Grammos "victory" served any purpose, it was to expose the inferiority of the government forces, for the rebels, after holding their positions for a long time and inflicting heavy losses, succeeded in escaping and kindling rebellion all over Greece. Athens soon found itself obliged to proclaim martial law in the whole country.

It is clear that a revolutionary movement spreading even through the Peloponnesus, which is practically cut off from the rest of Greece by the sea, cannot be due only to the Communists and still less to help coming from other states. Such a movement must represent the will and express the state of mind of large numbers of people disgusted by the corruption in the government and the white terror of governmental and quasi-governmental organizations. These are the masses which have reinforced the ranks of the rebels, so thin to begin with.

The Athens government had promised to tax the rich and the profiteers and to relieve the poor. In reality it left the rich free, under divers pretexts, to drain the

gold from the Bank of Greece, which the British and later the Americans were called upon to replenish in order to support the tottering drachma. This was quite natural, since the regime is based on the caste of big capitalists and exploiters. As for the poor, they were left to suffer the consequences of the inflation which inevitably resulted.

The government also had the audacity to announce that it had purged the trade unions of all partisan interference and would reestablish them on a healthy basis; but we witnessed only last spring the revolting performance of a "general labor congress" staged by the authorities. The government had guaranteed the working classes a bearable standard of living; but when the workers, goaded only by their poverty, declared a general strike, the government called it a crime against the security of the state and invoked the death penalty for its leaders under the pretext that it was a political strike launched in collusion with the rebels. Only in response to indignant protests from Europe and America did Athens finally repeal this villainous law. The government had promised to take measures to house and feed the more than 700,000 peasants who had been displaced by the war; but the latest news from Greece reveals that nothing has been done to relieve these unfortunate people.

This is the record of the Sophoulis-Tsaldaris government for the fourteen months of its term of office; yet this same government, thanks to a Parliament with no sense of dignity, has lately obtained a "majority" of one vote.

Any government with an elementary sense of responsibility, seeing that its policy had led the country into a deadlock and was pushing it toward final catastrophe, would understand that it should pull itself together and adopt a program of conciliation with a view to bringing the civil war to an end. Any responsible government would have seized the opportunity presented by General Markos's conciliatory suggestion in the U. N. for a peaceful solution. No government with any dignity would have allowed its partisans to molest, in Parliament, Deputy and ex-Minister George Borazanis for speaking in favor of conciliation and signing, with nine other national leaders, a telegram to the president of the General Assembly of the U. N. expressing the conviction that the mediation of Dr. Evatt could help bring about an end of the Greek tragedy.

Now, if the best possible political combination the present Parliament could produce has failed so completely, could a moderate, more or less disguised dictatorship get the country out of the deadlock? Such a solution has, in fact, been considered, not only by certain Greek publicists who would like to use drastic remedies for their country's diseased organism, but also, according to reliable information, in some Anglo-American circles. If pseudo-parliamentary methods won't work,

they argue, perhaps the time has come for a "strong man" to take hold.

But who could accomplish the miracle of instilling life into the dead body of the Greek ruling class? And who would be able to revitalize an army which has entirely lost its morale precisely because it is convinced of the uselessness of the further sacrifices it will be required to make? And how could a dictatorship be maintained in the face of a bitterly hostile working class?

THE conclusion that emerged from the debate in the U. N. Assembly and the Political Committee was this: What really divides Greece from its Balkan neighbors is not frontier friction, territorial claims, or even ideological differences, for the Balkan countries would undoubtedly be satisfied if Greece acquired a plain democratic government which would not be systematically hostile toward them. The fundamental issue is the fact that, in their view, Greece has become a bridgehead of the West against the East. Such was the real meaning of M. Vishinsky's speech before the Assembly in which he said that if the foreign forces were withdrawn from Greece and foreign intervention brought to an end, an agreement between the great powers and the pacification of Greece would be achieved within twenty-four hours.

The Athens government was naive enough to believe that the U. N. would impose effective sanctions against Greece's Balkan neighbors for the help they had given to the rebels. Its representatives discreetly suggested, moreover, that Article 51 of the Charter, which provides for collective measures to defend a victim of aggression,

could be applied, and even that the Western powers might send troops in order to maintain their strategic positions in Greece.

But action under Article 51 would be, in the last analysis, a matter for the Security Council to decide, and in such a case the Soviet veto would block any punitive measures. As for the second solution, no Western power could consider sending troops to Greece. Such action would inevitably involve conflict with the rebels or with Greece's northern neighbors and might easily lead to a general conflict.

So the Athens government had to be satisfied with the piously ineffective resolution voted by a majority of the U. N. Assembly, condemning Greece's Balkan neighbors for their help to the rebels and calling upon them to refrain in the future. This is why the unanimous vote in favor of Australia's proposal for negotiations between Greece and its Balkan neighbors to settle the frontier question was welcomed with enthusiasm both in Greece and abroad. The Australian resolution, similar to the first part of the Soviet resolution, which was also unanimously adopted, raised hopes that the "conciliatory conversations" opened on the initiative and under the chairmanship of Dr. Evatt might bring into the open the real reasons for the cleavage between the Balkan countries and Greece. But Athens's insistence on the necessity for border changes ended that possibility.

My personal conviction is that the root of the trouble lies in the transformation of Greece into a Western bridgehead, and that negotiations will not lead to a real settlement so long as the main issue is avoided. When I



suggested that Dr. Evatt should intervene as mediator in Greece's internal crisis as well as between Greece and its neighbors, I was convinced that the leader of the Australian delegation, by his personal prestige and his authority as president of the General Assembly, could lead both the Greeks and the great powers which are quarreling over Greece along the road to reconciliation. The general approval my suggestion received strengthens my conviction that the policy I have recommended for years is the only one which accords both with the interest of Greece and with world peace. I find it particularly gratifying that about a hundred British leaders, including seventy M. P.'s and two members of the House of Lords, sent a petition to the British government requesting it to ask the U. N. to mediate in the Greek crisis with the object of bringing about an armistice and setting up a government capable of restoring both civil peace and friendly relations with the Balkan states.

The significance of this step was not lessened by the astonishing reply of the Parliamentary Secretary of the Foreign Office, Mr. Mayhew, who said that His Majesty's Government could not interfere in the home affairs of Greece—although actually that government has done

nothing else. After this move I believe Dr. Evatt will realize that his efforts cannot be confined to seeking an agreement to end frontier incidents and enable the refugees and displaced children to return to their homes. An agreement of such a limited nature would not touch the root of the evil.

Dr. Evatt's intervention would only be beneficial if he were to undertake, in the name of the United Nations, to bring about a reconciliation in Greece and an agreement among the great powers for an inter-Allied solution of the Greek problem—a solution which would permanently settle the international status of Greece.

I therefore take the liberty of repeating here another proposal I have already made—namely, that the great powers should proclaim and enter into a solemn agreement to guarantee the territorial integrity and the independence of Greece. Such a declaration would enable Greece to dispense with the presence of foreign troops on Greek soil and protect it from further foreign interference in its domestic affairs. I believe it would also automatically lead the Greeks to a reconciliation, for their division, with all its attendant disastrous effects for the country, is above all due to foreign intervention.

Israel at First Glance

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

IV. Jerusalem Under Fire

THE main road from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem is cut by Arab-held territory in the neighborhood of Latrun. It is here that the Jews built their "Burma Road" during the fighting before the first truce, going out at night with shovels and bulldozers to hack and blast a way through the rough growth and over rocky hills and wadies, exchanging tools for guns to fight off raids, and in a few weeks of incredible effort making a passable road, detouring Latrun, over which light convoys could carry supplies in comparative safety. The Burma Road saved Jerusalem.

When I traveled it, the chief hazard was dust, dust axle-deep, rising in opaque clouds around every vehicle. People riding in closed cars covered their faces with handkerchiefs and their heads with scarves to keep a fraction of the dust out of eyes and nose and throat. I traveled in Moshe Pearlman's jeep, open to the sky! I even drove the jeep over part of the Burma Road, feeling as I would if I were carrying a new-born baby down a ladder with its mother looking on. He did not flinch, but he took the wheel over the toughest stretch. Bartley Crum shared the jeep for most of the trip and agreed that it was the only way to see and feel the Burma Road.

At the various road-blocks along the way our passes were carefully checked by Israeli guards. Going back next day, we were stopped at a new place. After a lot of argument between Pearlman and several young soldiers, two of them, a boy and girl, climbed aboard and rode with us into Tel Aviv. Later Pearlman told me they were Palmach youngsters who wanted a lift to town; that was all. The road-block was a bluff, he was dead sure; also he wasn't supposed to carry unauthorized passengers, but he decided not to make an issue of it. Privately I wondered what he could have done about it if he had wanted to be sticky; rank he had, but the Palmach, commando unit of the Haganah, is used to getting what it wants. It has done the toughest fighting, lost the best of its members—and has a lusty assurance and pride that are difficult to counter.

THE Eden Hotel is the way it always was—neat, modest, quiet; it has nice bed-sitting-rooms. And baths. I peeled off my clothes, stiff with sweat and dust. In the bathroom was a pail, two-thirds full, and a dipper. That was the water ration for all purposes for twenty-four hours. The mind is always less imaginative than the body. I knew all about the shortage of water in Jerusalem; I had just by-passed the Arab-held pumping station; I had even talked with a young soldier-engineer

whose job was to wrestle with the inadequate, improvised substitute system, but the partly filled pail in my bathroom was what really made Jerusalem's siege take on substance. I squandered perhaps three cups of water on removing the Burma Road from my face and ears and let it go at that.

The streets of Jerusalem were almost empty, and I invented the theory that people stayed off them on account of the sniping and shelling from Arab positions in the Old City and on the hills outside. When we drove over to call on Dr. Bernard Joseph, the military governor, I asked him about it. He grinned. "There's shelling and sniping, yes," he said. "But nobody pays any attention to it. Wait until sundown and you'll see. This is the Sabbath." After sundown the city came suddenly to life; the streets were flooded with people, a few shops opened, and I felt foolish. Nobody who has lived through the siege is afraid of bullets.

Dr. Joseph is tough, efficient, intelligent, remarkably farsighted. His story of the battle of Jerusalem, from inside, was very different from even the best newspaper accounts. For the first time I got a sense of the city's isolation during the siege, especially in the terrible weeks before the Burma Road was built, when no food convoys got through and the water ration was down to one cup per person per day. Jerusalem was cut off not only from the world but from Tel Aviv, and to this day its people are sure that no one outside understands what the city went through. Perhaps it will be put under international rule, as the United Nations has decided, but I can testify that the feeling of the people toward such an arrangement will be one of bitter indignation. To them Jerusalem is more than the ancient capital and symbol of Judaism; it is the city they fought for, and held under fire, through many weeks of hunger and thirst and intense self-discipline.

Joseph knew what would happen before it began; in February he ordered the city's cisterns cleaned, filled, and sealed. This meant that when the road was cut and the pumps at Latrun were taken by the Arabs, a small auxiliary supply of water was available. Even while the British were still in ostensible control, a Jewish administration already had the situation in hand. Unfortunately, the Jews had to operate against British opposition; their guards were disarmed, and the authorities did nothing effective to prevent Arab assaults, bombings, and the waylaying of convoys. When the British pulled out of Jerusalem on May 14, they deliberately left their administrative apparatus in chaos, physically destroying records, even postage stamps, and turning over as much material and power as possible to the Arab Legion operating as "police." That smooth "transition" under U. N. control, planned at Lake Success, was effectively sabotaged on the ground by the Mandatory Power.

Despite all this, Joseph and his colleagues and the

Jewish forces in Jerusalem held the New City, although they were unable to relieve the handful of Jews trapped in the Old City. When their ammunition gave out, these men surrendered to the Legion; by that time the whole Jewish quarter with its ancient synagogues and monuments had been pounded to rubble by Arab shells and mortars. In the New City Bernard Joseph, appointed military governor, put into effect a system of rationing that insured every

living creature an equal share of what little food and water was available. He is proud of the discipline of the people and proud of the controls he established. Because of the courage of Jerusalem's defenders—including the men who built the Burma Road—the city survived. But only by a hair.



Dr. Bernard Joseph

WITH Pearlman and Sternberg of the press office, we visited various fronts—though in fact the whole area is a front. One of the most interesting is Ein Karem, a magnificent hilltop position taken by the Israelis during their rapid advance after the first truce. It was the recapture of this hill that gave the Jewish army command of a wide corridor on either side of the Burma Road, establishing for the first time relatively safe communications. We ate a regular army meal in the huge monastery (monasteries crown almost every height in the neighborhood of Jerusalem) that now shelters the Israeli forces stationed there. The food was well-cooked, plentiful, and terribly heavy. Walking with the commander toward a lookout post at the edge of the hill, I wandered a few feet off the path to pick a sprig of myrrh. He ordered me back sharply, and I realized for the first time that we were being steered along a narrow path somewhat protected from Arab bullets. When we reached the lookout post he showed us the Arab positions. They hold every commanding height around the city, except for this one.

Below us sheltered by the hill was the village of Ein Karem, one of the loveliest Arab villages near Jerusalem. When the Israelis drove out the Arab forces, most of the people fled, but a few were still living in the courtyard of the old Franciscan church that stands on the spot where John the Baptist is supposed to have been born. The genial Spanish priest who welcomed us talked freely to Bartley Crum about the behavior of the Jews. He said the soldiers had been orderly and respectful; the holy

sites had been placed out of bounds; the houses abandoned by the Arabs had been locked and an Israeli custodian appointed to protect the villagers who remained.

As we walked through the courtyard an old Arab woman ran up to Nahum Sternberg, expostulating and shaking her fist and gesturing toward the door of her house. Sternberg speaks Arabic well. The woman dragged him into the house and pointed upstairs. There a young woman stood, leaning over the rail; she shouted too. "It's a complaint against an Israeli soldier," Sternberg told me; he looked troubled. From the fierce indignation I could imagine nothing less serious than rape. Finally Sternberg spoke to the women in a calm voice, nodded his head, and we left. "In heaven's name, what?" I asked; the incident seemed an ominous epilogue to the priest's reassurances. "They say the lid of their primus stove has disappeared; they believe an Israeli took it. I told them I would inquire, and if it was true I'd try to get it back." I must have looked astonished. "That's the way they always are," he said. "They are very poor. It means something to them. Besides, they probably feel uneasy here."

WE drove back fast. The commander gave our driver explicit instructions. "The road is completely exposed to sniping from — to —," he said. "We watched you as you came up. You drove slowly and one car followed right after the other. Arab snipers seldom hit the first car; they're apt to aim short. But the second often gets it. Keep apart and move right along."

It was almost dusk when I reached Notre Dame. This monstrous block of masonry is a French hospice which stands just across the street from the New Gate of the Old City. We had reached it on foot by a devious route to avoid snipers, for it faces Arab-held areas on two sides. Notre Dame is the chief Israeli strong point inside Jerusalem. Its upper windows are gun emplacements and observation posts; its floors are connected by ladders through rough openings made for the purpose, its thick stone walls serve as fortifications. A young officer led me through the great echoing chapel, along endless corridors, up stairways and ladders, showing me the disposition of men and equipment. At some points we talked normally; at others he warned me to walk quietly and not speak because Arab troops held the building directly across the court and would start shooting or lobbing mortars over if they heard voices. We came into a hallway that ended in a gaping hole where a shell had torn away the entire corner of the building; one could walk out into the open as if the hall were a porch. But when I started to do so the officer grabbed my arm. "That's in full view of the Arab post," he whispered.

Down below in the huge basement library of Notre Dame, used as a mess by the Israeli troops, two French truce observers sat at a table industriously making notes.

Nobody paid any attention to them. What, I wondered, came of this daily chronicle of falling shells and mortars? The young Frenchmen conferred and scribbled in the dim light. And out beyond the walls, a few feet away, the Arab invaders held their positions and fired at will — frequently at truce observers. The authority of the United Nations did not seem very impressive in the basement of Notre Dame.

TOWARD morning I became conscious of the thud of gun fire. It wasn't loud. It sounded dull and remote and almost harmless. I listened as I would to distant thunder. It stopped and I went back to sleep, but when I wakened again it was to the same sound. A friend met me, after an early cup of coffee, to take me to Hadassah's two hospitals in the city. "You heard the firing?" I asked. "It wasn't much," he said, "about as usual." He brushed it off.

We went first to the French convent where a complete emergency hospital had been fitted out below ground. It was used during active shelling and heavy raids. Smiling nuns greeted us and expressed their pleasure at being able to help the Israelis by giving space and shelter. It took courage to do so, and they would have paid for it if the Arabs had driven out the defenders. We walked across the courtyard and a nun pointed to a three-inch shell, half buried in the paving. "Don't touch it," she said. "It didn't explode but it might. It hit only a couple of hours ago." She was perfectly calm.

The other hospital is above ground and in regular use. The physician in charge took particular pains to show us every detail because my companion was a famous South African plastic surgeon who had come to Israel to offer his services to the army. Though much of the equipment was improvised, the hospital was well supplied and beautifully kept. As we went through the big waiting-room on our way out, the street door opened and several people hobbled in, bandaged and bloody. Nurses took them to a far corner where a couple of operating tables were ready. They began peeling off bandages and torn clothing. Two stretchers were carried in; on them lay old women, bleeding badly. One moaned and seemed to be straining for breath, her face gray. The doctor in charge looked at us and shook his head. More came on foot, a boy and an old man helped in by friends. Each was hurried off for emergency treatment.

"Where are they from?" asked the surgeon. The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. Katamon, perhaps. This morning's shelling. Obviously they're from a workers' quarter, but it might have been anywhere." I made myself look again at the moaning woman, the red coming through her apron, her head moving feebly from side to side. The sound of gunfire, distant and abstract in my hotel room, translated itself sharply into blood and the death of old working people.

The Harper Hospital Strike

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Detroit, December 16

AFTER six months of futile effort to obtain recognition of their union, approximately 400 employees of Harper Hospital in Detroit went on strike early in November. They are represented by a Bargaining Committee of the Hospital Employees Union, A. F. of L., which has a federal charter. Some 80 per cent of the strikers are Negroes—maids, orderlies, kitchen workers, elevator operators, janitors, and custodial employees. The story of their strike has the quality of a fine documentary film, for it reveals, from different but always convergent points of view, many aspects of Detroit, "arsenal of democracy."

The gross pay of these employees, before deductions, averaged \$25.50 a week at the time they struck; the maximum was \$33 a week. Unlike many private hospitals, Harper Hospital makes its employees buy their own uniforms and pay full prices for their meals at the hospital. In Detroit's three municipal hospitals salaries are nearly double those at Harper. Yet it is interesting to note that the cost per patient at Harper is \$19.20 a day while it is only \$11 at Eloise General Hospital, where the attendants are organized. Given present living costs, \$25.50 a week, before deductions, is clearly substandard for city workers.

The First Presbyterian Church of Detroit is generally responsible for the management of Harper Hospital, which has the reputation of being one of the best private institutions in the city. Though there is a shortage of hospital beds in Detroit, only 444 of the 600 beds at Harper were occupied at the time of the strike. The management gives "shortage of attendants" as the reason; yet it has insisted on a wage scale not likely to attract workers to this type of employment or to retain them. Like most private hospitals, Harper is confronted each year with a deficit which in the past has usually been met by a check from Oscar Webber, chairman of the executive committee of the hospital's board of trustees, chairman of the board of the large J. L. Hudson Company department store, and a well-known philanthropist. Despite this annual deficit, however, the hospital conducts certain departments as "concessions" which are sold to, or at any rate operated by, private firms. For example, the X-ray department is operated by Evans and Reynolds. A group

of Detroit physicians told me that if this concession were for sale, they would be glad to pay several hundred thousand dollars for it. The annual deficit of some \$50,000 is therefore not to be taken too seriously.

OWING largely to the insistence of the Detroit press, the Bonine-Tripp Labor Mediation Act of Michigan contained a provision for the arbitration of labor difficulties at hospitals. The union began its organization drive last July by asking the hospital to consent to an election. The management curtly refused on the ground that since the Taft-Hartley act made no mention of hospitals, it was to be inferred that hospital unions were contrary to public policy. By this time the Supreme Court of Michigan had ruled that the arbitration provision of the Bonine-Tripp act was invalid, and the act could not be invoked. After the strike was called, Lieutenant Governor Eugene C. Keyes appointed a fact-finding body consisting of Professor William B. Giles of the Detroit College of Law; the Right Reverend Richard S. Emrich, Episcopal Bishop of Michigan; and the Reverend Father Raymond S. Clancy, social-action secretary of the Detroit Roman Catholic archdiocese. In earlier attempts at negotiation the union had offered the management a "no strike" clause; it now offered to call off the strike and to accept the decision of the fact-finding body. But Mr. Webber, speaking for the hospital, announced, "We are opposed to unionization," and refused to accept mediation. The fact-finders reported that in view of the "implacable stand" of the management, further efforts at conciliation were useless.

Harper Hospital is partly supported by funds from the Community Chest. With this fact in mind, fifty leading citizens of Detroit appealed to the management to bargain with the union. Recalling that Dr. E. Dwight Barnett, director of the hospital, had said, "We have announced we would not deal with the union and we will not do so; the hospital will be closed first," they raised the question "whether the hospital board is more concerned in pursuing an outdated labor policy than in the welfare of its patients." The management, of course, ignored this appeal.

Mr. Webber had said earlier that recognition of the union would "interfere with the work of the Red Feather agencies." However, certain of these agencies, such as the Y. W. C. A. and the International Institute, have collective-bargaining agreements with unions which provide for wage scales far higher than those paid by the hospital for substantially the same kind of work. In an

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effort to break the strike Mr. Webber then sent out a letter to the Protestant churches appealing for "cheerful volunteers" to take the places of the striking employees.

On the petition of the Wayne County Federation of Labor, Mayor Van Antwerp asked the chairman of Detroit's Labor Management Committee to attempt mediation. This committee was set up by city ordinance and consists of eighteen members, including James B. Webber, Jr., nephew of Oscar Webber, and executive vice-president of the J. L. Hudson Company. A resolution adopted by the Common Council called on both sides to accept mediation. But Oscar Webber promptly announced that the management would not appear before the L. M. C., of which his nephew was a member, or before any other group or committee. "We could not care for patients satisfactorily," he said, "under union conditions." The union, of course, readily agreed to accept mediation by the L. M. C.

As can be seen from this recital of the facts, the key figure in the Harper Hospital strike is Oscar Webber, who can perhaps be described as Detroit's "last tycoon." The J. L. Hudson Company is one of the nation's finest department stores, ranking with Macy's in New York and Marshall Field in Chicago. Throughout Detroit's turbulent labor history it has remained unorganized, although it has been careful to maintain wage scales which compare favorably with those in stores with unions. During the height of the sitdown strikes in Detroit the J. L. Hudson Company closed all but two entrances to its store, stationed squadrons of police at these entrances, and dotted the interior with private detectives.

Although a generous contributor to the Brotherhood Week sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, Mr. Webber was actively interested in the "Michigan Council for Tolerance," which conducted a vigorous and successful campaign to defeat a proposed F. E. P. C. bill for the state.

THE reporting of the Harper Hospital strike by the Detroit press is one of the most interesting aspects of the strike—and may have something to do with the volume of advertising placed by the J. L. Hudson Company. On November 14 the Detroit *News* gave prominent space to a story about the strike under the headline: "Unionist Captured by Doctors—Tampering Found in Paint Store." The story went on to say that an employee had been arrested in the basement of the hospital, "where inflammable liquids were kept," and that there was evidence to indicate that someone had tampered with a fifty-gallon vat of lacquer. The next day the paper carried an extremely inconspicuous item in the final paragraph of which this information was to be found: "At first believed to be one of the strikers, it was later found that he [the "unionist" of the origi-

nal story] was trying to find a place to sleep. He was once employed as a ward attendant, but he was not on strike and he was not a member of the union." I was told in Detroit, and on the best possible authority, that these essential facts had been deleted from the original story.

In an editorial of November 12 the *News* complained that the strikers had shown "a ghastly indifference to the health of the patients"; actually no attempt whatever had been made by the pickets to keep nurses and doctors from entering the hospital. On November 11 the *News* had carried a banner headline: "Picket with Knife Seized at Harper." The knife must have been a very small one, for the police later released the person arrested and no charge was filed. One of the papers printed a cartoon with the caption "I Can't Be Bothered with Picket Lines" in which a figure marked "Death" is pushing aside pickets to enter the hospital.

"Striking Against the Sick" was the heading of another editorial, which quoted Police Commissioner Harry Toy to this effect: "I am not interested in the merits of this dispute. I am interested in the welfare and comfort of the patients." The editorial commented as follows: "We do believe emphatically that it is wrong to strike against sick patients in hospitals who are not parties to any labor dispute. . . . We believe sincere labor people must abhor as much as anybody else the idea of striking against the sick." Apparently the Detroit press has forgotten that it originally advocated arbitration of hospital disputes. Its current position on this issue seems to be that unions have no place in hospitals anyway. The lawyer who drafted the Bonine-Tripp act, which provided for arbitration, must also be of a divided mind. He represents the hospital trustees, and it was he who convinced the Michigan Supreme Court that the arbitration section of the act was unconstitutional!

The issue in the Harper Hospital strike comes down to this: a group of the lowest-paid workers in the city is being asked, in the name of "not striking against the sick," to subsidize a large, private, non-profit hospital. In a paid advertisement which the Detroit *Free Press* refused to run, the strikers stated their case in one sentence: "The relief of human suffering should not be at the cost of more human suffering." Detroiters of all shades of opinion are deeply aroused by the strike and are waiting with keen interest to see, as they put it, "whether Oscar is going to have his own way as usual." Organized pressure from the Protestant church groups could quickly force a settlement.

The "Hudson Singers"—from the J. L. Hudson Company—sing in many of the Protestant churches. It is getting near Christmas time now, and one wonders whether Oscar will make it possible for the congregations to enjoy their carols without any ironic reservations.

TV—Big Business

BY ROBERT J. LANDRY

IN CONSIDERING television one must draw a distinction, for clarity's sake, between two classes of radio men—those few who were pioneers in television development, have fostered it all along, and are now made happy by its present great expansion, and the overwhelming majority who think of themselves as more harassed than blessed by "inopportune" technological progress. The difficulties faced by the broadcaster today can be dramatized in money terms. Whereas before the war it was possible to set up a purely local radio station (100 watts) for a gross investment of \$18,000, the man who wants to get into television today in the same town must have not less than \$100,000, and for this sum he will get a television station without local studios or cameras or resources for program origination, a mere relay or pick-up point for network TV. The bigger the market, the greater the capital outlay.

Compared with television, radio was a simple, uncomplicated, comfortable business. In many instances stations were financed privately by a family group or a small Main Street syndicate. One of the good things about American broadcasting was this very dispersal of ownership, the number of home-town, small business men who were broadcasters. In contrast, television gives every evidence of being so costly that it must start life as big business.

The situation of one Middle Western radio broadcaster illustrates the economics of TV. Only last year this broadcaster, using the profits and savings of eighteen years in radio, was able to acquire 100 per cent ownership of his station. Now he has been informed by the network with which he has been affiliated all these years that he should immediately plan and build a television layout. To supply programs adequate for his prospective audience, the cost of the new facilities, counting studios, lights, several cameras, a remote pick-up mobile truck, and so on, will be around \$450,000. Preliminary estimates suggest he will need seventy-five television employees to be on the air twenty-eight hours a week. Pay roll and overhead are reckoned at \$250,000 annually. And the network is blunt: if he doesn't act fast he may lose his chance. The network will protect itself by signing up with somebody else and forgetting him and the eighteen years.

Licenses for television stations are already all taken up in some communities. Competition for them is so great that getting one is a blue-chip operation. When the FCC recently held hearings for San Francisco, five applicants presented themselves. The local station, KROW of Oakland, found itself contending against such commercial giants as Paramount Pictures, 20th Century-Fox, the Columbia Broadcasting System, and Tele-California, controlled by Edward Pauley, the oil man. KROW's claims were repeatedly belittled by counsel for the big companies because of the modesty of its proposed operations. CBS, determined to get into San Francisco, sent a delegation of fifteen to the hearing—vice-presidents, engineering and research experts, publicists, and Judge Samuel Rosenman, of F. D. R.'s kitchen cabinet. A company official testified that CBS, with no sets to sell, had already sunk \$9,000,000 in TV.

Whether they view the new medium enthusiastically or grudgingly, radio men assume that they will dominate television. Film companies have either ignored the opportunity or been Johnny-come-latelies. Paramount, it is true, has owned 50 per cent of Dumont Television, the Balaban and Katz Theaters in Chicago have been experimenting since 1931, and 20th Century-Fox is trying to get control of the ABC network; but of 200 pending applications for TV licenses strangely few are from theatrical interests. This does not mean that Hollywood accepts as logical or inevitable the rule of radio men in television. Indeed, Hollywood master-minds have an unflattering opinion of the brains and drive of the present television broadcasters. They smile at how little radio's two chief networks are getting for their investment of \$3,000,000 a year each in program building.

Purely speculative at present is the importance to TV of film entertainment. Probably films will take one-third to one-half of the total TV time on the air. The motion-picture industry has been rigidly withholding footage; television films are seldom more recent than Rudolph Valentino. Some network leaders are naturally dreaming of building and managing their own movie factories in the East. They will be prevented only by the immensity of the financial burden.

The "optimism" of the television business man is based on the eager interest of advertising accounts; merchants are enchanted with the prospect of exhibiting their goods. "Product-in-use" demonstrations have an overpowering appeal to the strategists of distribution, but whether the public will be equally charmed remains to be established. Surely the man who buys an expensive

ROBERT J. LANDRY was the first radio editor of Variety. He is the author of "This Fascinating Radio Business."

television receiver for his family is not thinking of it as an instrument for the contemplation of how a little Whammo will brighten up the bathtub. Already in New York some television programs are selling with all the delicacy of a sledgehammer, and if their example prevails, TV could easily become the most obnoxious of the communication arts. How to produce profits and still operate in the public interest remains the unsolved problem of television.

A disturbing fact is the probability that as against radio's 3,000-odd licensees there will be only a handful of television broadcasters. Radio in some form will probably go on for some time; television may supplement rather than supplant. But if TV becomes the chief parlor communications medium of the nation, the fact that a few networks originate most of the programs will represent an undesirable change from radio's happy dispersal of ownership and control.

Fact and Fiction in Siam

BY ANDREW ROTH

Bangkok, November

THERE must be two Siams—the legendary region created by the hot typewriters of imaginative journalists and the drab country I am visiting. Before I saw Siam for the first time more than a year ago, I pictured it as a place overrun with Siamese cats, white elephants, and girls dressed like extras out of "Anna and the King of Siam." The girls were not disappointing, although they wore tight, short Western skirts instead of exotic Oriental wrap-arounds; but the animals were. The white elephants, which are prized as a source of good luck to the sovereign, are really a dirty gray and are very rare. Siamese cats are scarcely to be found. They were brought here originally from Arabia and became pets in the royal palaces. A few early travelers took some back to England and started breeding them there. Neglected here, they have virtually died out. Recently a Bangkok resident who decided to raise Siamese cats had to send to London for a pair.

On this trip I came to investigate "another breed of cats," *Communisti Siamesi*. For the past six months a spate of dispatches from this part of the world have referred to Bangkok as Southeast Asia's "red base" or "red capital," harboring a "huge Soviet embassy" and an "Asiatic Cominform" and constantly threatened by "Communist insurrections."

I was on the alert for red flags as I came ashore, but the most colorful objects I spotted were the bright yellow robes of Buddhist monks. The most active propagandists now, as during my previous two visits, are the merchants who snatch you in off the sidewalk to persuade you to buy their nielloware (silver-enamel jewelry) or crocodile bags. The only strenuous street-corner arguments you hear are those of the bus conductors who try to get you to take their bus instead of the next one.

ANDREW ROTH, a staff contributor of The Nation, has been in Southeast Asia for nearly two years.

The Bangkok municipality is so opposed to monopolies that it lets several companies work the same street, competing for fares in true "free enterprise" fashion.

I particularly scrutinized the drivers of *samlors*, rickshaws mounted on tricycles. The Reuters Bangkok correspondent had reported that Soviet diplomatic officials were subverting these proletarians by paying them hundred-tical (\$5) notes for five-tical (25 cent) rides. "There are about 6,000 Siamese tricycle men in Bangkok, potentially the strongest and most influential labor group in the city," he declared seriously. I had never paid them more than five ticals and in my loudest Hollywood tie was easily identifiable as an American imperialist, but my old *samlor* drivers waved to me cheerfully and raced wildly and individualistically against one another for the usual fare.

Many of the recent newspaper "disclosures" about Siam represent the calculated policy of men who learned the effectiveness of the "big lie" through being on the Axis side during the war. Siam's Premier, Field Marshal Pibul Songgram, declared war on the Allies in 1942. The Reuters correspondent here, M. Sivaram, was propagandist for the Japanese-sponsored Subhas Chandra Bose during the war and had been a publicity writer for Marshal Pibul before the war. Marshal Pibul's propagandists assume that if they cry that he is "fighting communism" loudly enough, they can wipe out the memory of his pro-Axis activity and obtain for his military dictatorship the support given to anti-Communists in other parts of the world.

HERE are some of the stories originating with Pibul and his supporters and the contrasting facts.

Fiction: Siam is a radical country filled with marauding Communist bands, and Bangkok is ready to lead turbulent Southeast Asia into the Soviet orbit.

Fact: Siam is the most conservative, least politically aroused country in Southeast Asia with the possible exception of Borneo. Being a rich rice-producing area with

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out much population pressure, it has no starving peasantry as a base for communism. Moreover, since Siam was never a colony, there has not been a nationalist band-wagon on which the Communists could ride. The first time anyone heard of a Siamese Communist Party was in 1946. There may be now several hundred Siamese Communists and a fringe of sympathizers. In the Chinese community, however, which makes up some 3,000,000 of Siam's total population of 18,000,000, there are several thousand Communists. Marshal Pibul estimates them at 20,000 to 30,000, but he includes in his figures Communist sympathizers, the 5,000 members of the China Democratic League, and the membership of comparatively quiescent Communist-led trade unions. "The Chinese may be very radical when they are in China, where they are poor, hungry, and landless," Marshal Pibul told me, "but when they come here they are industrious, acquire land, and become richer than the Siamese. Most of them eventually become capitalists." He added, "I don't think there are any real Siamese Communists."

ALTHOUGH the Marshal himself is very moderate in his estimate of Communist influence, some of his supporters are unrestrained.

Fiction: The military putsch of November, 1947, which put Pibul's military cabal in power and ousted the elected Thamrong government, was required to prevent the establishment of a "Communist republic" and a "Communist Union of Southeast Asia" headed by Siam's senior statesman and former premier, Pridi Phanomyong (Luang Pradit).

Fact: The 1947 coup replaced the fairly democratic but corrupt regime of pro-Allied leaders by a militarist dictatorship with a pro-Axis record. To divert attention from their fascist record, the supporters of Marshal Pibul have attacked his deposed opponent, Pridi, as a "Communist" and "king-killer." Pridi is a socialist in economics, a democrat in politics. He was the leader of the pro-Allied "Free Thai" movement during the war and gave Siam the most democratic constitution in its history. He was smuggled out of Siam to safety by the British and American authorities here; they would hardly have done this if Pridi were really a Communist.

The abortive coup of October 1 last, described later as an "attempted Communist uprising," was supported by diverse elements opposed to the military-fascist racketeers around Marshal Pibul and particularly to Major General Luang Kach, now charged with having robbed the public treasury of millions. Among its backers were not only the democratic-socialist followers of Nai Pridi, but European-trained officers in the army, particularly in the General Staff, and prominent members of the aristocratic Democratic Party. The Pibul regime is playing down the role of the army professionals and aristo-

crats and emphasizing that of Pridi's followers in an attempt to tie in this purely domestic quarrel with international politics.

THE legend of an Asian Cominform is repeated from Manchuria to the Indian Ocean.

Fiction: A Southeast Asian Cominform located in Bangkok directs Communist activities in the entire region.

Fact: British, American, French, Chinese, and Siamese intelligence agencies on the spot have searched in vain for such an organization. The present coordination of the Communist parties of Southeast Asia stems from the March conference of the Indian Communist Party in Calcutta and is apparently kept alive by irregular courier service between China, India, and perhaps Australia.

Fiction: The Soviets maintain in Bangkok a "huge embassy" staffed by 200 persons engaged in mysterious activities.

Fact: A Soviet legation, not an embassy, headed by Minister Serge Mentchina and five other Soviet diplomats is located across a muddy *klong* (canal) from the American embassy in a combination office and residential building. Its quarters are larger than those of the American embassy—the Americans live elsewhere—but much less sumptuous than the British embassy compound. The total number of Soviet citizens at the legation is twenty-nine, including men, women, and children. It is possible, as is rumored, that the Soviet Minister's chauffeur is an MVD man (Soviet security service), but even if he is, and all the wives are Mata Haris, and all the children sinister midgets in disguise, the legation could not do one-tenth of the things attributed to it. For one thing, it is under constant police surveillance. "If you can trace a single incident in Southeast Asia back to the Soviet legation in Bangkok, I wish you'd tell me about it," said the military attaché of one of the chief anti-Soviet powers. "We haven't been able to find any evidence."

Most expert observers incline to the opinion that the Soviet legation is primarily a listening post. It is the only official observatory the Soviets have in one of the key areas of Asia, since the Western powers will not allow them to have consulates in their colonies and the Burmese and Indonesian nationalists have stalled their requests for diplomatic representation.

Any active organizational work in this area is probably done by the Chinese Communists. Many of their 10,000,000 countrymen in Southeast Asia are looking with increasing respect toward the evident victors in the Chinese civil war. The Chinese Communists are expected to become even more active here after Communist gains in China have been solidified. But it will take them a long time to convert easygoing Siam into the red-tinged restless country of native propagandists and imaginative foreign journalists.

Science Notebook

BY LEONARD ENGEL

THE ablest study of the atomic-energy problem that I have seen is a book by the British physicist P. M. S. Blackett, "Military and Political Consequences of Atomic Energy." It has as yet been published only in England, but it will be brought out here next February. Professor Blackett, who recently won the Nobel prize for research in cosmic rays and was a member of the British government's Advisory Committee on Atomic Energy, examines every phase of the question, from the effectiveness of the bomb to the American and Soviet control proposals. At nearly every point he comes up with answers at variance with prevailing views.

To begin with, he denies that the atom bomb is capable of destroying any nation anywhere in the world in a few days or weeks of war. From data of the United States Strategic Bombing Survey and other official sources he shows that strategic bombing was not decisive in the last war and that the atom bomb is not equal in effect, as is so often stated, to 20,000 tons of TNT. He then demonstrates convincingly that neither intercontinental rockets nor militarily effective intercontinental bombers will exist for some years, and that the atom bomb will fall far short of being decisive in the one war the world fears, a Soviet-American war.

The error of regarding the atom bomb as an absolute weapon, Dr. Blackett declares, has led us to insist on an air-tight atomic security system which imposes on Russia demands that it cannot reasonably be expected to accept. The first stage of the Baruch plan, for example, calls for a detailed U. N. survey of the world's thorium and uranium resources, actual and potential. This cannot but reveal to the United States, which has access to air bases within reach of many parts of the Soviet Union, the location of Russia's strategic industries; similar information on American industries is of no real value to the Russians, since they lack the bases necessary to take advantage of it. Another one-sided feature of the plan, in Professor Blackett's opinion, is the proposal to distribute atomic-power plants, which would be operated by an international Atomic Development Authority, so as to maintain the strategic balance between the United States and Russia. The effect of this, he says, would be to prevent Russia from building a very large number of atomic-power plants as a short cut to the advanced industrialization of the United States.

Soviet proposals for atomic control, he finds, are likewise tailored to national strategic needs. The demand for immediate destruction of the American stockpile of atom bombs, if acceded to, would strip the United States of a potent weapon while leaving the core of Russian power, the Red Army, intact. Washington could no more agree to that than the Russians to the Baruch plan.

A Fabian Socialist of many years' standing, Dr. Blackett is consistently more critical of American than of Soviet motives. Thus he says the Baruch plan is now primarily an instrument of cold war, used to place Russia in an unfavorable light before world opinion. However, that does not de-

tract from the force of his arguments or from the shrewdness of his suggestion for a way out of the present impasse. He declares that the atomic-control problem can be solved by treating the bomb, not as a unique weapon which must be dealt with separately, but as one of a number of military factors, among them the Red Army, which should be dealt with together. Moscow and Washington might then be able to strike a bargain—so many bombs scrapped for every Red Army division disbanded—which would maintain a strategic balance at every stage as armaments were brought under control. The proposal certainly merits discussion.

In the Wind

THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH of Rochester, New York, David Rhys Williams, minister, has issued "Christmas-Hannukkah Salutation to Israel" in its latest calendar.

THIS DEPARTMENT'S FAVORITE QUOTE of 1948: "If the Labor government is not going to abolish the House of Lords sooner or later, television will" (a statement made in the House of Commons by Laborite Emrys Hughes).

MOST SIGNIFICANT ECONOMIC NEWS items of 1948: The rent-control bureau in Newark, New Jersey, was forced to move out of its offices last July because its landlord had raised the rent; in the same month an escaped Kasperas convict returned to jail voluntarily "on account of the high cost of living."

HOPEFUL NOTE FOR 1949, *et seq.*: Birth records in Frankfurt, Germany, show that no children have been christened Adolf in that city since the Führer's death.

IMBECILIC NOTE FOR 1949, *et seq.*: Monsignor Gerald Duggan, of Erie, Pennsylvania, told a home-town audience on his return from a trip abroad that the Germans are "paying an awful debt for losing the war. In fact, the only sin that Germany committed was that she lost the war."

RING OUT THE OLD: Left-wing Polish Socialists, says the Associated Press, are determined to break up the *Kaffee klatsch*. The Warsaw coffee houses, according to the Socialists, are the sources of wild rumors and "rightist and nationalistic" talk.

RING IN THE NEW: Harry Truman's upset victory was greeted in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* with a "Prayer by a Whipped Republican," one Roeliff Loveland, who addressed his Lord in part as follows: "Remove whatever rancor may be in our hearts today. Grant that one clear thought permeate our stubborn old hearts—namely, that this is a democracy and that in a democracy all the people do what the majority of the people want done. . . . We ask Thy blessing, O Lord, on the unhappy makers of public-opinion polls. . . . Ease their pain and confusion. . . . And in particular, O God, do Thou bless the little man who didn't have a chance—the President of the United States!"

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Other Henry Adams

THE YOUNG HENRY ADAMS. By Ernest Samuels. Harvard University Press. \$4.50.

THE "Education of Henry Adams" has long been one of the great documents of American intellectual history. The generation after the First World War, shaken by the early stages of historical shock, found in it expression of their own profound anxieties about the course of history. Its mood of controlled disillusion, sketched with feeling, developed with wit, and culminating in historico-scientific mysticism, transmuted post-war uncertainties and resentments into a set of aristocratic images and philosophic tableaux. The very style of Henry Adams's life had a deep fascination for later victims of alienation and expatriation.

Construed symbolically, "The Education of Henry Adams" is properly a great and revealing document. But scholars have long been uneasily aware that it could not be taken too literally as the exact record of the life of one Henry Brooks Adams (1838-1918). There were the obvious incompatibilities: Adams's complaint, for example, that Harvard in 1858 had taught him nothing about Marx's "Capital"—an item of education which would, indeed, have been worthy of note, since the first volume of "Capital" was not published until 1867. And as the volumes of Adams's letters have been published, few discrepancies have emerged. He seems to have profoundly enjoyed periods of his life which appeared in "The Education" as arid and joyless wastes; he seems to have learned a great deal from experiences which "The Education" passed over without mention.

Ernest Samuels has at last done the necessary job of reconstructing the young Henry Adams and distinguishing him from the hero of the autobiographical novel written by the arrogant ironist. "The Education" portrayed Harvard as a "negative force" in his education; the years at Cambridge were wasted. But Samuels shows a young

man in a state of active intellectual curiosity, even occasionally, perhaps, of excitement. "The Education" surveys the Civil War years in Britain with urbane gloom: "He knew no more in 1868 than in 1858. . . . He could see only one great change, and this was wholly in years." But Mr. Samuels demonstrates otherwise. "The Young Henry Adams" reveals a bright, ambitious youth, excited by life in Britain, actively engaged in the liberal politics of the post-Civil War period, even finding zest and challenge in his Harvard teaching career—a young man in whom sardonic withdrawal is an occasional dyspeptic deviation rather than the whole accent of life.

The guiding motive in Adams's career, as we see it develop, was plainly his fascination with politics. This fascination was certainly connected in great part with the family expectations of the Adamses. Yet it is not clear that it differed too much in quality from the feelings of any bright young man, too intellectual for the hustings but under the spell of political ideas and figures. When he returned to Cambridge in 1871, it was very much like a young New Dealer going back reluctantly to teaching: "There are few of my political friends left in power now, and these few will soon go out. This reconciles me to going away, though I hate Boston and am very fond of Washington." Even his teaching years at Harvard, the years starkly labeled "Failure" in "The Education," permitted him not only success as an instructor but also scope for his interests and plans as a political reformer. Mr. Samuels, indeed, provides valuable new material on Adams's purposeful employment of the *North American Review* in the interests of the Liberal Republican group. In these years Adams retained his political illusions. On proposing that his able young assistant, Henry Cabot Lodge, be allowed to conduct a rival course in history, he could write, "His views, being Federalist and conservative, have as good a right to expression in the college as mine, which tend to democracy and radicalism."

Mr. Samuels ends his narrative in 1877, when Adams resigned his Harvard job and moved to Washington. Here the historian once again placed himself face to face with the challenge of politics. But Adams's ideas—primarily a revival of private morality in a commercial world—were inadequate to the challenge. "Unwilling to apply scientific method to devise an efficient political system for the new industrial order," Mr. Samuels well says, "he was to drift steadily into the camp of the philosophical idealists who denounced the reality which their ideas disabled them from changing." The metaphysical bent of mind which made the young Adams prefer Agassiz to Lyell would eventually swell to climax in what Mr. Samuels rightly calls the "most brilliant casuistical treatment of modern science" in American literature.

My chief regret is that Mr. Samuels stopped his narrative so soon. The years after 1877 were, of course, the years of Adams's greatest productivity. But one can be grateful to Mr. Samuels for a deft and competent analysis of the young Henry Adams and hope that another volume will carry the story on through the years of Adams's creative maturity. ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

The People's Archbishop

WILLIAM TEMPLE, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. His Life and Letters. By F. A. Iremonger. Oxford University Press. \$6.50.

NORMALLY, the biography of a dignitary of the Church of England, however eminent, would appeal to only a rather special audience in the United States. But William Temple was more than the leader of a religious community: he was a national leader who throughout his too short life strove to revivify the church by stressing the social content of Christian teaching and the social responsibility of Christians. His labors in behalf of adult education and social reform, which won him the title of "the People's Archbishop" will long be remembered.

JUDAS ISCARIOT

The eyes of twenty centuries
 Pursue me along corridors to where
 I am painted at their ends on many walls,
 Ever-revolving futures recognize
 This red hair and red beard, where I am seated
 Within the dark cave of the feast of light.
 Out of my heart-shaped shadow, I stretch my hand
 Across the white table into the dish
 But not to dip the bread.
 It is as though
 The cloth on each side of one dove-bright face
 Spread dazzling wings on which the apostles ride
 Uplifting them into the vision
 Where their eyes watch themselves enthroned.
 My russet hand across the dish
 Plucks enviously against one feather
 —But still the rushing wings spurn me below.

St. Sebastian of wickedness
 I stand—all eyes legitimate arrows into
 The darkness of my nakedness. They recognize
 My halo stamped from thirty silver pieces,
 And the hemp rope around my neck
 As soft as that ghost's hanging arms
 When on my cheek he answered with the kiss
 Which cuts for ever here—
 my strange stigmata
 Which is all love and hate, all fire and ice!

Temple's voluminous writings included a number of philosophical works—the subject of a special chapter by Professor Dorothy Emmet. But he was more man of action than scholar, and very much the extrovert. Doubt never seems to have troubled him, as it did so many of his generation, though his ordination was delayed by momentary hesitation in accepting the doctrines of the Virgin Birth and Bodily Resurrection. This difficulty overcome, he never seems to have experienced any further inner conflict. "Exuberant self-confidence in action" and "an equally exuberant certitude" in thinking—traits noted by the historian G. M. Young, his contemporary at Oxford—marked his whole career.

It was as a determined reformer that Temple adopted his chosen profession. The Church of England, which through most of the nineteenth century had slumbered as an adjunct of the Tory Party and a comfortable haven for younger sons of gentlemen, seemed to him to be in a low state. Suffering from narrowness of spirit and intellectual

poverty, it held itself aloof from the pressing social problems of the day.

The stony path of the reformer was somewhat smoothed for him by the fact that, as son of a former Archbishop, he entered the church under influential auspices. But even without that advantage his brilliant and ranging mind, his tremendous vitality and capacity for work, his gifts of expression, written and spoken, and his personal charm would have overcome all obstacles. As it was, nothing could stop his rapid advancement. At the age of forty-one he became Bishop of Manchester and eight years later Archbishop of York. In 1942, when the Archbishopric of Canterbury fell vacant, he was the inevitable choice, even though, as he noted, his Socialist ideas had offended many. He died, worn out by incessant labor, less than three years later.

The author of this biography has naturally devoted many of its pages to Temple's role in what may be called, without invidious intention, ecclesiastical politics. On this subject I am not

But who betrayed whom? O you
 Whose light gaze forms the azure corridor
 Through which those other pouring eyes
 Arrow into me—answer! Who
 Betrayed whom? Who had foreseen
 All, from the first? Who read
 In his mind's light from the first day
 That the kingdom of heaven on earth must always
 Reiterate the Garden of Eden,
 And each day's revolution be betrayed
 Within man's heart, each day?

Who wrapped
 The whispering serpent round the tree
 And hung between the leaves the golden purse
 And trapped the fangs with God-appointed poison?
 Who knew
 I must betray the truth, and made the lie
 Betray the truth in me?

Those hypocrite eyes which aimed at you
 Now aim at me. And yet, beyond them all
 We are alone, eternal opposites,
 Each turning on his pole of truth, your pole
 Invisible light, and mine
 Becoming what Man is. We gaze
 Across two thousand years, and heaven, and hell,
 O sun and moon, O dark and light, O kiss
 Which is all love and hate, all fire and ice.

STEPHEN SPENDER

qualified to comment, but the interested reader will find full particulars of his fight for self-government in the church of the controversy over the revised Prayer Book, and of his active promotion of Christian unity at home and throughout the world (the Oecumenical Movement).

Of wider interest is Temple's work as a Christian social reformer. At an early age he became associated with the Workers' Educational Association and served as its president from 1909 to 1924. In that capacity he did much to forge links between the adult-education movement and the universities, links which have been of great value to both. To Temple education was the key to freedom and progress. "There exists," he said in one of his addresses, "a mental form of slavery quite as real as an economic form. We are pledged to destroy it. . . . If you want human liberty, you must have educated people."

But he did not believe that education alone could bring about a higher social order. "If Christianity is to be applied to the economic system,"

aid in 1908, "an organization which rests primarily on the principles of competition must give way to one that rests primarily on cooperation." That was a text on which he preached all his life, and some of his elaborations on it got him into hot water, as in 1942 when his suggestion that credit should be socialized led to a violent Tory explosion in the correspondence columns of the *Times*.

Nevertheless, Temple was not one of those clergymen who use the pulpit simply as a handy rostrum for political propaganda. He was a Socialist because he was a Christian, and he protested when reporters quoted his views on economic matters and omitted his references to God. He was perhaps more successful in instilling in professed Christians a greater sense of social responsibility than in converting unbelievers. But if many who listened to him remained unable to share his religious faith, they at least conceived a greater respect for it. KEITH HUTCHISON

The Social Sciences

THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND. By Stuart Chase. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

THIS is the most ambitious and the best of Stuart Chase's many useful efforts to spread knowledge of science and technology. It was planned as an outline of the major contributions which social science can make toward helping men to live in the world, and with one another. But it is more than just popularization, because Mr. Chase has made significant contributions of his own to the evaluation of social science as science and in pointing out limitations as well as achievements. In so doing he has almost completely conquered his own greatest former weakness, which was a tendency to go overboard for new ideas before they were fully validated. In this book, for example, he displays considerable enthusiasm for public-opinion research, but he has covered himself in advance against the débâcle of the election forecasts by pointing out such weaknesses of polls as the occasional discrepancy between what people say and what they do. He also mentions the danger of disregarding "don't know" answers. On the other hand, as he pointed out recently in

The Nation, it would be ridiculous to consider public-opinion research wholly discredited because of an error of prediction which was actually quite small in percentage.

Mr. Chase has also become somewhat skeptical of economics as a science in its present state of development, though he notes that economists have produced a number of useful techniques for dealing with specific problems like depression and inflation. Commenting on the economists' failure to develop universally accepted principles, he asks, "Can one imagine, for instance, a group of astronomers rubbing their hands and saying, 'Splendid, Halley's comet never came around the way he said it would?'"

There is a devastating list of fifteen occasions when a majority of economists subscribed to major predictions which went wrong. And the author notes with

obvious amusement that he was himself caught in some of these errors.

At the same time the case for using the knowledge and techniques of social science in seeking solutions for the world's most pressing problems is proved beyond reasonable cavil. As Mr. Chase says, social scientists came into their own in World War II in such diverse fields as selecting the best men to train as airplane pilots, resolving the violent social tensions in a Japanese American relocation center, preparing plans for dealing with natives during the invasion of Okinawa, predicting the reaction of German civilians to bombing. He pleads eloquently for an equally intensive use of social-science teams in solving the problems of peace, investigating such basic questions as "What is freedom—in terms of our culture and other cultures?" Social science can provide at least partial answers to these

WEEK-END IN PARIS



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questions through the study of human behavior, in place of the speculations and philosophizing upon which we have depended much too long.

Some of the material in the book will be familiar to any well-informed reader. But the scope and variety are such that every reader will find in it much that he does not know, and the impact of the whole is tremendously stimulating.

Paradoxically, Mr. Chase may be taken less seriously than he deserves to be because his style is so deceptively simple. Some people are still unwilling to believe that genuine scholarship and erudition can be combined with good journalism.

CHARLES E. NOYES

Report on Rumania

RUSSIA ASTRIDE THE BALKANS.

By Robert Bishop and E. S. Crayfield, Robert M. McBride and Company. \$3.50.

THIS book chronicles Rumanian, not Balkan, history from the day in August, 1943, when American planes first bombed Ploesti to the December night in 1947 when King Michael followed his father into exile. Since Rumania is but a mountain-ringed enclave in the Balkans, not a saddle, the title is ambitious and somewhat misleading.

Mr. Bishop and Mr. Crayfield explain in a preface their qualifications for writing this book: "For two years one of us lived in Bucharest under Nazi domination, placed as an undercover agent. . . . He performed this service voluntarily and without using Allied funds. He went or sent agents to Berlin and the Reich for intelligence which eventually reached an office in Istanbul, where the coauthor was in the American Intelligence Service. . . . After Rumania's break with the Axis . . . one of us was an officer in the United States Army Air Forces and chief of the American counter-espionage service in that area; the other was the principal undercover agent for American and British intelligence." They add that the Russians are still investigating one of them, that the other has been written off as a suicide. Throughout the book they refer to themselves as "one of us" and "the other," thus giving the impression that they are writing under noms de plumes and that they would be in danger from

Soviet agents were their real names given. Whether or not that is so, the peek-a-boo manner is rather annoying.

The authors assume that if the Soviet Union had kept its troops and agents east of Bessarabia, Rumania would have bloomed into a beautiful democracy overnight. This assumption is at best questionable. The reader is likely to wonder whether the authors are really as ignorant of Rumanian political and economic history as they seem, or whether they are simply following the old rules for melodrama: the villain of the piece (Russia) must be blackest black, and for contrast the heroine (Rumania) must be presented as the purest virgin ever wronged.

Whatever the reason, the result is that the corruption, graft, and exploitation practiced by Rumania's former ruling classes are treated as interesting if not amusing peccadillos. The twenty-year provocation Rumania represented in Russian eyes, beginning with the seizure of Bessarabia and culminating in the invasion of the Soviet Union in co-operation with Hitler, is all but ignored. The sins of the Carols and Antonescus cannot condone the more recent crimes of the Soviets, but any picture of Rumania in which the former are toned down is likely to be out of focus.

Despite its faults, "Russia Astride the Balkans" does add something to our pitifully inadequate knowledge of what is happening in the Soviet-dominated countries of Eastern Europe. A scholarly book on post-war Rumania remains to be written, and until it is, Americans must be grateful for what is available.

The authors feel that the Red Army's entrance into Bucharest was the beginning of the greatest conquest since Genghis Khan. "When the red flags were hoisted over Bucharest, their shadows fell on all of Central Europe, all the way from the Baltic to the Adriatic Sea. Will the Red Tide stop there? Or will it try to rush to the Channel? Around the world? Time will tell. But if the events in Rumania are any indication, the answer to these last questions is yes."

"Russia Astride the Balkans" presents interesting evidence in support of this thesis. Not all readers will be convinced, but the thesis and the evidence advanced demand consideration.

RUSSELL HILL

Verse Chronicle

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

His latest book of poetry is entitled "The Clouds, Aigeltinger, Russia, and Other Verse." It is jointly published by the Wells College Press and the Cummings Press, beautifully printed, and expensively priced at \$5, plain, and \$12.50, fancy (signed, on special paper, and with a slip case). Dr. Williams is a hard poet, and a little—isn't he?—cult-admired. With such there is a danger that hardness may tend to harden, ing, hardenedness; your lyric poet turned into a sententious old aphorist. Cases are known.

Dr. Williams has been, is, a lyric poet, a rather curious specimen, who shows such to how great an extent lyric poetry can be made to depend on the eye. His own is much more enterprising and diligent than his ear; the latter organ, in his case, is like Socrates's daemon, which always warned him when he was going astray but never suggested positive courses of conduct. Dr. Williams, therefore, never writes a sloppy line; neither do you get from him adventurous, deformed, lighted, or intricate movements for the sound's sake purely.

If Dr. Williams has a school, Louis Zukofsky may be considered one of his disciples. In the present anthology, "Test of Poetry" (Objectivist Press, \$3), he quotes fairly extensively from these doctor's works. The intention of this anthology is not quite clear: for whom is it designed—the studious reader or the general? the college undergraduate? Part I of the book presents anonymous selections—but you can look up the authors in the back—collated for purposes of comparison; Part II does likewise, except that here Mr. Zukofsky gives the names of the authors and, if you have guessed wrong, corrects your errors of judgment with tart, taut, terse, and sensible remarks of his own. He is never verbose, but he knows, as a teacher, that a point has to be made more than once before it penetrates. Part III is like Part I. Mr. Zukofsky's erudition provides useful antidotes against the cultural lag, the moribund influence, of nineteenth-century verse tradition: well-informed in early English poetry, including a knowledge of

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the good translators, Golding and Bishop Douglas, his taste is for the intellectual rather than the sensuous. He knows, and insists on, the importance of design and sound, dislikes the Brahmesque kind of music, is on the side of some of the angels.

After reading Dr. Williams, and the Cumudying Mr. Zukofsky, one feels the printed, and of a sea change. This atmosphere plain, and rather dry and arid; how about a special paper more moisture in the air, some Williamsishness underfoot? One gets it all too isn't he?—on, too much, and too mush: and, as there is a danger as the present batch goes, most of it to harden from England. (Here I digress, for one ic poet turned dignant moment, to inveigh against orist. Case—what is it—pusillanimity, avarice, or provincial legitimism of American publishers who use up newsprint who shown such importations, while it is getting c poetry can that to appear as a younger poet in ye. His own league you have to be nearly forty.) and diligen Item: "A Play of St. George," a verse rgan, in drama by John Masefield (Macmillan, mon, which 2). The Laureate's age and renown ene was going to him to some indulgence; were this ed positivrama written, as it might have been, by liams, the lady who teaches Senior English in line; neither West Central High and attends the nturous, dread Loaf Writers' Conference in the ements former, I doubt very much that it ould have seen print.

Item: "Collected Poems" (with a long d one of introduction by C. Day Lewis) by Lilthology, "An Bowes Lyon, a cousin of the Queen Press, \$3) (Dutton, \$2.75). Not a bit of harm in y from these: at their best, mild rather than ion of thof. Christina Rossetti could do worse, : for whom occasion, and equal the average with s reader her eyes shut; Sara Teasdale, now and ergraduate again, could do better.

Item: "Poems, 1943-47," by the ook up the said Day Lewis (Oxford, \$2.75). ed for pusome of these are, nostalgically and a I does like little narcissistically, about the author r. Zukofsky when young; others about love, waning, hords and, middle-aged, pathetic more than tragic; corrects youths are tributes to Hardy, De La , taut, terse fare, Blunden; others of nature; and own. He here are a couple of translations from ows, as Valéry. Mr. Day Lewis's facility is not to be made improved by a regressive romantic tenpenetratenecy in the matter of phrase—all in Zukofsky's, yearn, vow, aught, ancestral meml antidotes, waftings, the heart grows numb, e moribund heart-strings, swooning, afterglow. At ntury versis rate, give him another ten years early Engad he will be right in there with owledge

the worst of let's-not-mention names.

Item: "First Time in America," an anthology of current British verse, collected and introduced by John Arlott (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, \$3). The idea of this anthology does go somewhat beyond the catchy sales compulsion of the title; quite a few of the poems presented here have not gone beyond the manuscript stage at home. But the whole thing is not quite the Surprise, Surprise! that Mr. Arlott seems to imagine; Roy Campbell, for instance, was published in this country nearly a quarter of a century ago, John Betjeman last year, and the "Oxford Book of Modern Verse," for all it contained no Americans, was not entirely unnoticed in this wilderness of redskins and savages. Of the authors herein presented, the satirists are the best; the others assay a good deal of ye olde Georgian limpness—too many pleasantly amiably competent amateurs, too few real pros. And imagine the situation reversed: an American entrepreneur combs the five boroughs of New York City and offers a similar, if slightly better, anthology to, say, Faber and Faber, to be entitled

First Time in London. Preposterous impudence, what?

Item: finally, "The Sounding Summer," by an American, Carleton Drewry (Dutton, \$2.75). This is the kind of poetry admired by J. Donald Adams: an easy mellifluous music, some grace, nothing scary, not an ounce of viciousness—and very sincere.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Drama

JOSEPH
WOOD
KRUTCH

RED GLOVES" (Mansfield Theater) is an American "adaptation" of Jean-Paul Sartre's "Les Mains Sales." There have been, I believe, some cabled protests from the author, and since I have not read the original I had better state in the beginning that this is a review only of what I saw on the stage. Since, however, I am told that no major changes have been made, the total effect of the present performance is to confirm my impression that Sartre is a sensational playwright rather than a

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good one and that even his sensational effects tend to miss fire because of his clumsy, slapdash construction. He says, by the way, that the play is not anti-Communist. The *Daily Worker* says that it is, and for once I find myself in agreement with that journal.

Bernard Shaw once pretended that he could never understand why would-be dramatists took the trouble to imitate other plays instead of simply imitating life. This, of course, was a bit of leg-pulling, and to me it seems that Sartre's great weakness is his tendency to forget the original idea which he thought he had and to spend most of his time writing what is really commonplace melodrama. That tendency was very plain in "No Exit," where he set the scene in his own particular hell and then wrote dialogue which most of the time was like that of any conventional French play about the battle of the sexes. It is even plainer in "Red Gloves," where he starts out to expand a bitter and rather effective anecdote but falls quickly into the clichés of a cops-and-robbers melodrama.

Hugo, son of a very rich man, has joined the Communist Party in some Central European country. He is told off to become the secretary of the party's nominal leader and then to shoot him because the powers behind the scene have decided that the leader is too much given to merely expedient policies. It is understood that if Hugo is caught he will be disowned by his bosses, and he is, as a matter of fact, sentenced to prison. When the victorious Russian army arrives at the end of the recent war, Hugo is released and returns to underground headquarters. By now, however, the official "line" has become precisely that which the assassinated leader had been following. It is expedient that he be represented as the victim of "counter-revolutionary violence" and necessary

that Hugo should never have an opportunity to tell his story. Accordingly, the very people who had commissioned him to do the assassination now take him for a walk—which is the equivalent, in mechanically backward countries, of the technologically more advanced "taking for a ride." The play ends when he, knowing well what is in store for him, goes willingly with his executioners.

Unfavorable criticism of the play has centered chiefly on its alleged talkiness in connection with political and philosophical subjects. In the American version, at least, there seems to be comparatively little of this, and the real weakness is, as I suggested before, that Sartre has not effectively dramatized the anecdote on which his play is supposed to be based. Shaw's spoof notwithstanding, it is much easier to tell a story that has often been told before than to tell a new one, even after that new story has been conceived. All Sartre, obviously a very hasty writer, has succeeded in doing is to indicate in bare outline his tale and then to fill in the action with scenes from any one of scores of other plays. Almost the whole of one act is, for example, given over to a scene in which a search party gradually approaches a certain suitcase in which the audience as well as the hero believes an incriminating revolver will be found, although as it turns out the hero's wife has hidden it on her own person. Now this scene has always been effective enough in its way, but it belongs no more in this play than in any other melodrama, and it contributes absolutely nothing to illuminate any meaning which the special story being told may have. Or consider what is, I suppose, the climax of the play. Hugo, an intellectual prone to Hamlet-like irresolution, has finally given up all hope of ever being able to shoot the man whom, as a matter of fact, he has come to like. Suddenly, however, he sees his intended victim in what looks like—but of course isn't—a compromising position with Hugo's young wife. Thereupon he whips out the pistol and with a bang-bang-bang pours lead into the man whom, a moment before, he had been loving. It would be difficult, I think, to find a better example of the *faux bon* in drama. This is exactly what has always

created a sensation in the boulevard theaters. I do not know whether or not Bernstein ever used it, but if he did it was merely because he never had a good opportunity. In a certain kind of play it would go very well. But it has nothing to do with the theme of the present one. I am told that the American version cuts a good deal of the text. Half of what has been left could be eliminated along with more than half of the action, and the story supposed to be told would be as clear and effective as it is now.

Charles Boyer gives a very effective performance as the assassinated leader whom he makes—and I suppose that was the author's intention—very appealing and attractive. I presume that his popularity is chiefly responsible for the audiences, which are apparently flocking to the Mansfield. None of the other roles is played in other than a routine way.

Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

JOHN MARIN has the reputation of being the greatest living American painter. He is certainly one of the best artists who ever handled a brush in this country. And if it is not beyond doubt that he is the best painter alive in America at this moment, he assuredly has to be taken into consideration when we ask who is.

At the root of the trouble in answering this and other questions like lie the kind of art and the kind of personality involved in the highest flights of American art and literature of this century. Who is our greatest poet? If we leave T. S. Eliot to one side as a confirmed Englishman by now, is Wallace Stevens or Marianne Moore Aren't both of them too minor really to be great? When we ask who is the greatest we mean "great." And the best poets, painters, and sculptors, not to mention composers, never seem quite to attain that monumentality in their works, or that breadth and completeness in their *œuvres*, which would justify the appellation. No matter how intense or exquisite their productions, there is something too narrow or partial or of

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the boulevard or peripheral about them. "Great" and literature seem to connote something more—longer-winded or deeper or wider or more complete. It is hard to think of Marin as a "great" painter—recall only what painting has been done in our time in France and even Germany. How marginal his achievement must appear by comparison. His art does not say enough and that it says is not said with largeness; his shortcomings remain too prominent and are not inclosed and swallowed up by the magnitude of the gift that involves them, that magnitude which—as Valzac, I think, said—sweeps a great artist's faults before it and renders them, so to speak, essential.

And yet—what a good painter Marin is. Just as, when all is said and done, Wallace Stevens and Marianne Moore remain miraculous poets. Marin has taken cubism, married it to Fauvist color and a bit of Winslow Homer, and of this made a personal instrument which has been surpassed on the score of sensitivity only by that of Klee among modern painters—an instrument that registers sensations or emotions of an evanescence which has escaped contemporary art elsewhere. And in saying this I am well aware of what such artists as Morris Graves and Mark Tobey have done in more or less the same areas of experience.

Marin came of age as an artist in the decade—between 1910 and 1920—in which Stevens and Moore became poets; and underneath the art-and-America mystique, the art evangelism and rhetoric that, issuing from Alfred Stieglitz's lungs, blew open Marin's bud it did Marsden Hartley's, there has persisted a rather thin but pungent lyrical current similar to that on which Stevens and Moore have nourished their verse. Confined within limits set by the circumstances of American culture rather than by his native talent, Marin's art has developed and refined itself with originality. This development has not always been even; Marin is not yet rid of the artiness that he, like the rest of Stieglitz's protégés, contracted from that impresario; but he seems to me today to be a stronger painter than he ever was. As we can see at the Whitney annuals, there is still very little in American art that can hold the wall next to him.

Marin's original fame rests on his water colors, and he still handles the lighter medium with more sureness than he does oil. But in the last ten years or more he has turned increasingly toward oil, with results that are already superior to his water colors in terms of substance and scale, however much they retain of water-color technique. In time to come it is possible that his oil paintings will support his fame more securely than anything else. At least his latest exhibition of oils and water colors, at An American Place (through January 31), would indicate this.

The water colors are as exquisite as ever; the more conventional naturalism that they show this year has not diminished their quality. Those slashes of abstract line by which Marin tries to put architecture into what is really an impressionist perception of atmospheric color are often arbitrary, and a "straight" view of nature from his hand is usually just as organized and adventurous as anything in his more abstract vein. Of the water colors in the present show I should like to call attention particularly to those done in Maine, and especially the "Sunset Series."

But the oils are stronger, ampler, more temperamental, and this is not altogether because their medium is heavier; there was a time when Marin's canvases seemed thinner than his papers. The evidence here is that of a greater mastery. The artist still lays his oil pigments on with a good deal of the purity and thinness of water color and, again like a water colorist, uses the bare canvas as another color. But the oil

picture has a much more emphatic presence, and Marin's emotion is bodied forth more variously, broadly, and palpably. Moreover, there is none of either the prettiness or the garishness that sometimes afflicts his water colors. In this respect at least he seems to have won greater control over his color precisely because of the greater opacity of oil. But not always a surer sense of design. One notices that Marin paints to best effect when his motif in nature presents a large, distinctly organized form, like a sailing ship for example, or a definitely organized variation of forms, like the alternation of land and sea or even of a group of figures. Then the pure, abstract color by which he is so well able to define the contours of atmosphere fuses with the design. But when this definiteness or distinctness of motif is absent, or when the artist disregards it and throws himself too much upon abstract projections of design, then color wars with design and the picture falls into confusion.

There are, however, some very good canvases in the present show: "Sea in Red—Version No. 2," "Sea and Figures in Umber and Red—Version No. 1" and especially "Version No. 2"; also "Sea with Boat in Grays, Greens, and Reds" and "Lake Narraguadis." There are perhaps other successful pictures, but their idiosyncratic frames, designed by the artist himself and charming enough as objects in themselves, prevent one from getting a sufficiently clear impression of the paintings. In addition, they are hung so close together that they interfere with one another.

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Music

B. H.
HAGGIN

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S injury to Musorgsky was not merely that he made Musorgsky's works known to the world in outrageously altered versions, but that he got the world to accept the idea which justified not only his falsifications but anyone else's—the idea of Musorgsky as a clumsy dilettante whose insufficient technical equipment prevented him from achieving more than partial realizations of his conceptions, which other people were, therefore, and still are justified in helping him to complete. And exposure of Rimsky's falsification of the music has had only this result—that a Stokowski will give his own falsification legitimacy by telling us that it is based on the original Musorgsky score and only fulfills what is no more than implied in, say, the mere piano sketch that Musorgsky left of "Pictures at an Exhibition." Actually there is no sense in a claim that one has gone back to the original score if one has done so only to depart from it again as far as Stokowski does; and anyone who does go back to the original score of "Pictures" should be able to hear that it is not a mere sketch but something completely achieved—that, as I said in this column several years ago after someone had played it for me, Musorgsky "writes at every point, in every detail of melody, harmony, figuration, with the unfaltering sureness of a man who is absolute master of his style." For he was a pianist, and the "Musorgsky Reader" is filled with testimony concerning his extraordinary command of his instrument. Certainly it is not without significance that even Rimsky-Korsakov left this work almost un-

touched. But not Stokowski. And, now, not Horowitz, who has recorded his version for RCA Victor (DM-1249, \$6).

We are assured by Olin Downes, as Horowitz's spokesman, that the version does not "introduce any extraneous elements into the music as Musorgsky wrote it," but "is a return to the original text . . . in the Lamm edition. . . . Following it carefully, Mr. Horowitz has done a little 'piano orchestration' in ways confined to octave doublings, redistribution of passage work between the hands, transpositions of brief passages an octave below or above the original pitch, etc. The effort has been solely to realize the intention of the composer, and to refrain from gratuitous ornamentation or officious 'correction' of any detail of his text as it stands." But if Horowitz wanted "solely to realize the intention of the composer" all he needed to do was play what Musorgsky wrote, which realizes his intention completely. And listening to the recorded performance up to "Baba Yaga" with the Lamm edition before me I have heard such "extraneous elements" and "gratuitous ornamentation" and "officious 'correction'" as the completely new figuration in measures 12 to 24 of "Limoges," which realizes the intention not of the composer of "Pictures at an Exhibition" but of the composer of the Fantasy on Themes of "Carmen"; the changing of the rhythmless octave tremolo in "Con mortuis in lingua morta" to a rhythmed figuration, with different effect, of two upper notes, two lower, two upper, two lower; the insertion, in the last ten measures of this episode, of a reiterated off-beat F-sharp in the bass, which introduces rhythmic, pedal, and other effects not intended by Musorgsky; the substitution of a crescendo for the diminuendo in the four measures before the last two of "Catacombs"; the insertion of measures 4 to 7 of the opening statement of "Gnomus" into the repetition of the statement in which Musorgsky chose to omit them; the substitution of rich chords for bare octaves; the cut in "The Old Castle," the omission of the "Promenade" before "Limoges," etc.

In addition there is the falsification of almost every phrase of the work through the affected, sentimentalizing style of performance.

This style is heard also in the two slow Scarlatti Sonatas—Longo Nos. 27 and 33—of the six that Horowitz has recorded (MO-1262, \$3.50). The faster ones—Nos. 209, 430, 485, and 25—are given brilliant performances which are among the few by Horowitz that have enjoyed listening to.

Rubinstein begins Chopin's Preludes (DM-1260, \$6) with an extravagant, mannered and distorted performance of No. 1, which is followed by good performances of the next three; and the ones of Nos. 11, 19, 23, and 24 are the only ones I find satisfactory among the twenty-four. Sides 7 and 8 of my review set produce bad scrapes. Another extreme of mannered, egocentric, and perverse playing is to be heard in the English Decca recording of Samson Francoix's performances of Chopin's Ballade in G minor, the Etude Opus 10 No. 12 and Opus 25 No. 11, the Preludes Nos. 16 and 17 (ED-75, \$5.25).

As for the English Decca recording of Britten's "A Ceremony of Carols" sung by the Morrington Boys Choir (ED-86, \$7.35), sometimes Britten's cleverly modern style produces something which goes well with the words—and is impressively or amusingly effective—and at other times something which is incompatible with them, for my ears at any rate. The singing is charming at all times.

CONTRIBUTORS

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., author of "The Age of Jackson," is associate professor of history at Harvard University.

KEITH HUTCHISON is financial editor of *The Nation*.

STEPHEN SPENDER, who has recently returned to England after a year in this country, is the author of "Poems of Dedication," "Ruins and Visions," and other books.

RUSSELL HILL is the author of "Derby War" and "Struggle for Germany."

ROLFE HUMPHRIES is the author of several books of poetry, including "The Summer Landscape," "Out of the Jewel," and "Forbid Thy Ravens."

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Letters to the Editors

Can Theory Catch up to Practice?

Dear Sirs: May I be permitted some brief comments on Mr. La Piana's reply to my article in your issue of December 11? The subject matter under discussion, I submit, is the actual extent of socialist-Catholic cooperation in Western Europe rather than the compatibility of rival metaphysics. I did not inquire whether the formation of a "Rome-bad scrape London axis" would be a good thing. I stated that its existence is a fact. I did not question whether it is possible for socialist and Catholic parties to cooperate. I pointed out that they are doing so. I might have added that leading Catholics are active members of the British Labor Party and that this party—which also has a Marxist wing and whose program is undoubtedly Socialist—is supported at the polls by the majority of Catholic voters in Britain, many of them Irish. If I am told that such cooperation is excluded by the very nature of papal and Catholic doctrine, I can only repeat that practice seems to have out-run theory. No doubt theory will in due course catch up. Until it does we must pay content with ideological makeshifts.

Mr. La Piana, it seems to me, rests too much weight on doctrinal pronouncements. I do not question their relevance to matters of principle, and that is just why I suggested that the schools issue is one which can be disinfected only by a policy of mutual toleration—which, as it happens, is precisely the democratic attitude appropriate to a pluralistic society. I did not deny that there are totalitarian tendencies at work, but their strength and relevance are not to be measured by the totalitarian character of the doctrines in which they find expression. That is why I find Mr. La Piana's appeal to the various papal pronouncements on the subject of liberalism and socialism unconvincing. He recalls that Pius XI condemned socialism in principle. Presumably this condemnation holds good equally in all parts of Europe and, indeed, the world. Why, then, do Socialists and Catholics cooperate peacefully in Belgium and Holland, while in Spain and Poland they persecute each other? The explanation, it would seem, is not to be found in a further exegesis of "Rerum Novarum"

or the Communist Manifesto but in a study of the actual conditions which promote peaceful cooperation (and conflict) in one case, violent antagonism in the other. I do not find in Mr. La Piana's article anything to suggest that he fully appreciates the importance of a functioning democracy or the impact of what Marxists call the bourgeois revolution and non-Marxists the Industrial Revolution upon the politics of a modern society.

I am puzzled by Mr. La Piana's suggestion that I included agrarian reform among the questions whose solution is to be held over in the interest of cooperation. It seems to me that I said the opposite. Incidentally, it is not merely a question of "agrarian reform" in the narrow sense but of the transformation of backward or semi-backward societies into modern countries. In order to make my point clearer I would add that the Spanish civil war was not promoted by the mutual incompatibility of Thomist and humanist ethics but by the absence of a democratic tradition and the failure of Spanish society to adapt in time to modern conditions. For this failure the Liberals, who diverted the Spanish reforming movement since the early nineteenth century into exclusively anti-clerical channels, must accept some share of the blame. As Ramos Oliveira, a Socialist, has pointed out in his great work on modern Spain, the Spanish revolution under Liberal leadership never faced its real tasks, ruined the countryside by transferring communal properties to a new oligarchy, and failed to create the conditions necessary for the growth of a genuinely modern form of capitalism. Spain is paying heavily for these failures, as well as for the character of the Spanish church, but I cannot see what all this has got to do with Leo XIII and Pius XI. Incidentally, I never suggested that the Vatican would take the lead in a movement to democratize the Catholic world, as Mr. La Piana seems to suppose, nor did I suggest that Socialists would accept junior partnership in an alliance dominated by reactionaries. If they are doing so in Italy at the moment, their tactics are amply explained by the urgent need to avert the imminent danger of civil war. They can at least claim to have won a breathing-space for democracy. Italy has

had an extremely narrow escape from the fate which overtook Spain or Greece, and putting the Catholic right temporarily in complete possession of power was a cheap price to pay for the avoidance of catastrophe. These facts may not loom large within the precincts of Harvard. They are very noticeable in Europe.

G. L. ARNOLD

London, December 13

A "Strange" Review

Dear Sirs: Rolfe Humphries is a good and entertaining critic of poetry, but there was something very strange about his review of Peter Viereck's "Terror and Decorum" in *The Nation* of November 13—a review consisting of one long, condescending paragraph of fault-finding, a bare list of what Humphries considered the poet's youthful faults of manner. Such emphasis might be justifiable if Viereck's merits were so well known that they could be taken for granted, or if he had no merits, or if his merits were common to poets of his generation. But, actually, Viereck's work is mature, distinctive, and exciting in a way that is well worth reporting, and especially to readers of *The Nation*, whose interest in poetry must extend to something more than manner. Viereck is able to give remarkable imaginative depth and coherence to exactly those problems of history and freedom and the nature of man with which *The Nation* itself is concerned, and yet to do this with unfailing lyric spontaneity and inventiveness. Humphries's refusal to give even a hint of such qualities not only discourages readers of *The Nation* from reading a book many of them would enjoy, but it also raises certain questions about the proper emphasis of a Poetry Chronicle in a journal of this kind.

ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS

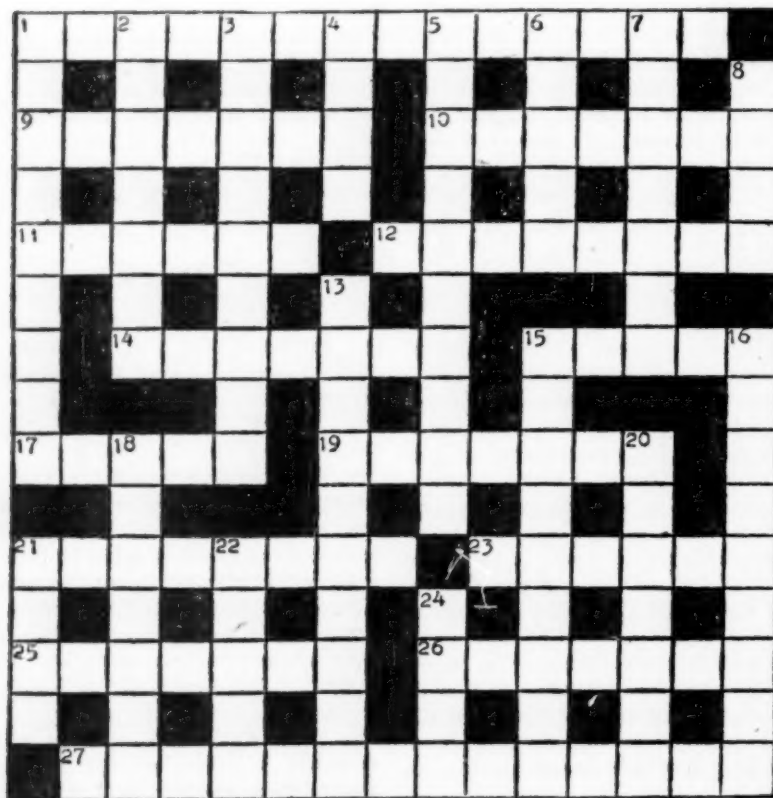
Northampton, Mass., November 19

A "Difference of Opinion"

Dear Sirs: Limitations of space being what they are, *The Nation's* Verse Chronicle must often consider more than one poet in a single article. In the review of which Mr. Davis complains, I was as kind to Mr. Viereck as I could well be, in view of my opinion that the work of both Kenneth Fearing and A.

Crossword Puzzle No. 293

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1. 21 across, 15 across, 13. Exclamation heard at the end of a visit. (5, 9, 2, 3, 3, 2, 3, 1, 4, 5)
- 9 Order in which some women consider every first a potential last. (7)
- 10 How a magnet might derive a coal-tar product. (7)
- 11 Her epithet was 26. (6)
- 12 Does being in the open air make the calf sore? (2, 6)
- 14 The sort of thing to never expect on the morrow. (7)
- 15 See 1.
- 17 This general might have opened up at Saratoga. (5)
- 19 Nothing fat, but full, clear, and resonant. (7)
- 21 See 1.
- 23 Supposedly a half-pint. (6)
- 25 Group in whatever might be flowing. (7)
- 26 A song is come to this? (3, 4)
- 27 Heavy stuff. (7, 7)

DOWN

- 1 Bothering to pack a lunch? (9)
- 2 It's a hanging matter! (7)
- 3 Any singer has them to be successful. (9)
- 4 It never went into the Styx. (4)

- 5 Sacrifice. (10)
- 6 Blake's was burning. (5)
- 7 People are slightly disturbed in Asia by this. (7)
- 8 You have to be good to get under this! (4)
- 13 See 1.
- 15 Ferocious. (9)
- 16 Not sea-gods, certainly! (9)
- 18 It might be cured at slander. (7)
- 20 Tardy? One gets fed up with it! (7)
- 21 Points down, and fix up. (4)
- 22 Munchausen might have been prone to be this. (5)
- 24 How to check a trunk? (4)

==

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 292

ACROSS:—9 ISOTHERM; 10 MAGYAR; 11 ALCORAN; 12 and 13 WESTERN UNION; 14 SENATE; 15 NOTICING; 17 LOTHARIO; 20 NOUGAT; 22 and 4 down EASTERN TIME; 24 SCUTTLE; 26 MIDRIB; 27 and 1 SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY; 28 NORTH-ERN SPY.

DOWN:—2 OSTEOPATH; 3 PREPARE; 5 LAMBENT; 6 TIGHT; 7 ISOLDE; 8 PATRON; 16 COURTSHIP; 18 OXALIS; 19 RAREBIT; 20 NOCTURN; 21 ALLURE; 23 TORSO; 25 ISLE

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York.

M. Klein was (a) better written, (b) more interesting. Therefore, I do not agree with Mr. Davis's verdict that there was something very strange about my review. I do not agree that Mr. Viereck's work is "mature, distinctive, and exciting," etc. Perhaps Mr. Viereck, as Mr. Davis claims on his behalf, "is able to give remarkable depth and coherence" to the problems which he treats but that he has done so, in this volume, "with unfailing lyric spontaneity and inventiveness" I am inclined to deny. I am more than inclined; I actually deny it. I am interested in "certain questions" that are raised about the proper emphasis of a poetry chronicle in a journal of this kind—interested in the same way that old Bill Byron used to be when the more irascible ball players questioned his judgment of balls and strikes: "Difference of opinion, young man, difference of opinion."

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

New York, November 24

Fedora and Chaplet

Dear Sirs: In his interesting *Verses* Chronicle in *The Nation* of November 13 Rolfe Humphries finds some of Kenneth Fearing's poems "a little *view* *jeu*" and suggests that *Poetry*, where they were first printed, must be falling behind the times. Having thus dragged in the magazine by its eyebrows, I might in fairness have added that it has also published for years the other two poets he reviewed, and whom he praised highly, A. M. Klein and Peter Viereck. Mr. Humphries's remark was a pointless slam, typical of the momentary pique of a momentarily rejected poet, but surprising in a writer of secure reputation. Let me say, too, that we were so far advanced as to consider Mr. Fearing old hat, how could we feel the charm of Mr. Humphries's own circa 1920 fedora, held together with Horatian chaplet? GEORGE DILLON

Editor, *Poetry*

Chicago, November 22

"On Me It Looks Good"

Dear Sirs: My point about the poem by Kenneth Fearing which appeared in *Poetry* was that they were invariably the weaker poems by that writer. And Mr. Dillon knows just as well as I do why this is so—economic determinism. Mr. Fearing's better poems find prompt acceptance and publication in better-paying markets. The magazine is therefore a repository of last resort; its up-to-dateness is specious now, as distinct

ashed from what it was during Miss
written, (b) noe's editorship; it is a sort of
se organ of mediocrity, featuring
pictures of bards in arch poses, and
lowest common denominator of the
Mr. Viereck's present fashion in verbalizing. Nine-
tive, and en twenty, I must protest, was a little
Viereck, before my time; fedora, chaplet, so on
half, "is ab it looks good, what does it matter?
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this volum est book, he might learn something
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to his advantage. But from his remark
that I "praised highly" the work of
Peter Viereck, I am forced to conclude,
regretfully, that Mr. Dillon cannot
read; Mr. Viereck knows better.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

New York, November 24

Princeton's Doors Are Open

Dear Sirs: The Princeton Liberal Union
of Princeton University is making a
concerted effort to encourage the appli-
cation of qualified Negroes for admis-
sion to the university. We feel that
Princeton has not fulfilled its function
as an institution of higher learning in
that some minority groups have been
either entirely unrepresented in the
student body or at best have had but
"token" representation.

Princeton University's policy has been
expressed by Dean Radcliffe Heermance,
Director of Admissions. Dean Heer-
mance has assured us that qualified Ne-
groes would be admitted on an equal
basis with all other students. The main
difficulty, he said, has been to get Ne-
groes to apply.

One reason for so few applications is
that Princeton has always been consid-
ered an expensive university. It is sig-
nificant, however, that about one-third
of Princeton's students receive scholar-
ship aid or loans, or, with the assistance
of the Bureau of Student Employment,
are earning part of their expenses. Mi-
not C. Morgan, Director of Student
Aid and Employment, has assured us
that Negroes would be eligible for
scholarships, and that opportunities to
work in various types of student em-
ployment would be available to them.

We are writing because we feel that
your readers might be interested in see-
ing that Negroes are given a better op-
portunity to receive higher education.
It is hoped that prospective Negro
students who can meet the qualifications
will apply to Princeton. Walter White,
secretary of the National Association for
the Advancement of Colored
People, has given personal testimony to
the fact that if the Negro students are
of the right caliber, they will find a
warm welcome on the campus of Prince-
ton University. The door is open.

If qualified students interested in
Princeton would write to us, we would
be happy to answer any of their ques-
tions. Student and faculty members of
the Liberal Union are anxious to con-
duct personal interviews with Negroes
and assist them in any way possible.
Please address all inquiries to F. Neil
Aschemeyer, 20 Middle Dodd Hall,

Princeton University, Princeton, New
Jersey.

It cannot be overemphasized that
anyone interested should apply as early
as possible for admission to Princeton.
Application blanks for admission to the
university may be obtained by writing to
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WARREN H. DEEM,

President, Princeton Liberal Union
Princeton, New Jersey, December 15

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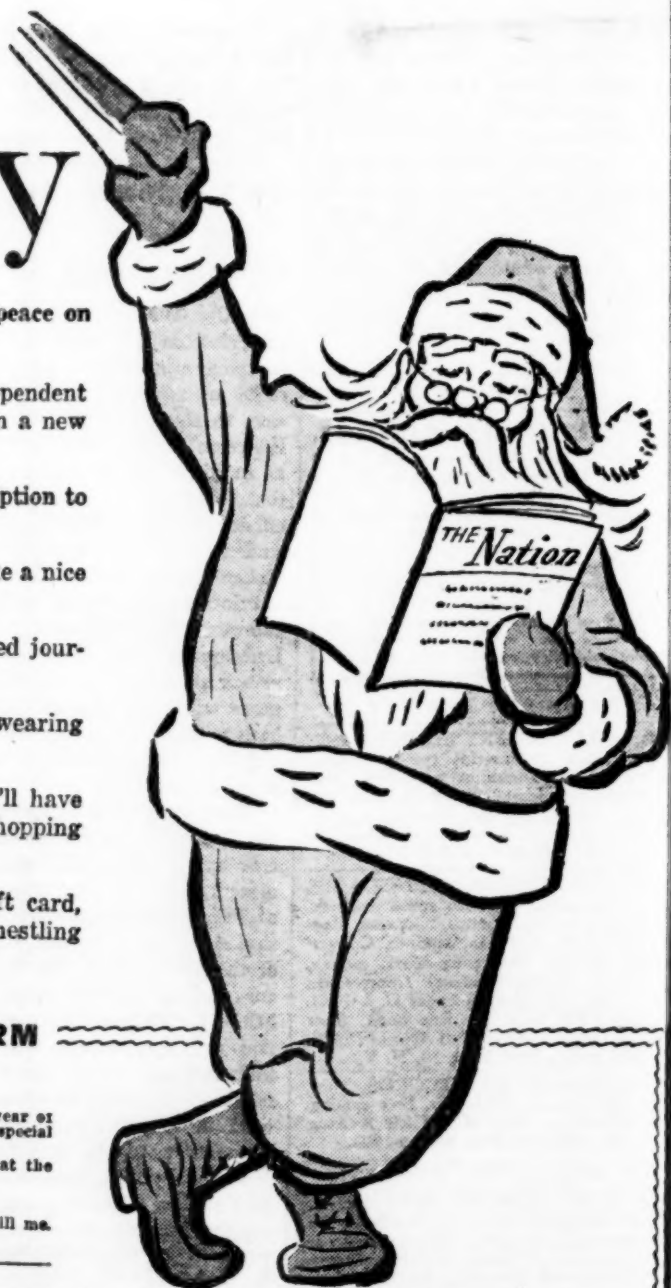
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